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As ever Yours
M. A. Hawkins

WROUGHT GOLD:

A MODEL LIFE

FOR

CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

BY MRS. S. R. I. BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF WALKS OF USEFULNESS, ETC.

"BRIEF is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee;
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory
That ministered to thee, is open still."

PUBLISHED BY THE

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1875.

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TO

THE MANY FRIENDS

OF THE SUBJECT OF THIS LIFE SKETCH,

AND OF

THE TWO ASSOCIATIONS

OF WHICH SHE WAS LONG THE PRESIDING OFFICER,

AND ESPECIALLY

TO THOSE WHOSE FREE-WILL OFFERINGS

HAVE ADDED INTEREST TO THESE PAGES,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

"She wears no jewels upon hand or brow,
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But though she walks in plain apparel now,
She is the daughter of the King, and when
Her Father calls her at his throne to wait,
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

"Her Father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And since the King loves all his people well,
Therefore she too cares for them, every one.
Thus when she stoops to lift from want and sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

"She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and fail on either hand;
She fears not summer's heat or winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command.
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is the daughter of the King.

"Even when the angel comes that men call Death,
And name with terror, it appals not her;
She turns to look on him with quickened breath,
Thinking, 'It is the Royal messenger.'
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls
Her back, to dwell within the palace walls."

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WROUGHT GOLD.

A MODEL LIFE

FOR

CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Remarks.—Birth and Parentage.—Early Bereavement.—Marriage.—Removal to New York.—Letter to a Friend.

"Wouldst thou the models seek in which to find
The joy and blessedness of doing good,
Look at the record of the faithful few,
Whose Christian work has borne the richest fruits;
And give such models in thy heart a place."

THE following pages contain a brief record of a beautiful life. A record of an eminent disciple of Him who when on earth went about doing good, and who left us an example that we should follow his steps.

Over forty years was this faithful Christian-worker spared to pray and labor, after entering her Lord's vineyard, and through grace received in health and sickness, in shadow and sunshine, in bereavement and suffering, in life and death, she was was ever enabled to bear convincing testimony to the power

of divine grace, the fulness of the promises and the blessedness found in obedience and trust.

This summary of the "footprints" she has left "on the sands of time," is given at the request of many friends with the hope that it may prove a stimulus to well-doing, a comfort to the afflicted, an appeal for the class left as a legacy to the followers of a suffering Saviour always to be cared for by his people, and a tribute to departed worth, justified by the words of Jesus, spoken of another: "This also that she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her."

Our title was suggested by the theme chosen for a memorial discourse by the venerated chairman of the Board of Counsellors of the American Female Guardian Society, Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., which will be found at the close of this volume.

The response of her daily life to the divine precept, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty," was so prompt, so filial, so uniform, as to leave no question of her clothing being of wrought gold, in the Scripture sense, or of her being truly one of the *King's daughters.*

"With them numbered e'er to be
Here and in eternity."

An esteemed member of the family of our departed friend has kindly furnished the following statement respecting her early years.

"Mrs. Hawkins, whose maiden name was Mary Anne Man, was the daughter of Dr. Albon Man, a well-known and highly esteemed physician of West Constable, Franklin county, New York, and was

born on the 4th of September, 1808. Her mother died leaving three older children and herself, when she was still a mere infant, but the marriage of her father, not many months afterwards, to one who filled the mother's place with devoted affection for all, left the orphans no room to feel their loss, and laid the foundation for a love, long enduring and faithful, which continued till the death of the mother, one year before her own.

"Mrs. Hawkins always maintained that a stepmother's position could be made much less of a trial than it is often considered to be, always giving her own experience as a pleasant proof and example. In this case the 'mother's heart found room for all,' and she always seemed to feel for the children of the elder family an affection equal to that for her own, and she often remarked that for her 'dear child Mary Anne, the baby she took in its infancy, she felt the same love, as for her own son and daughters.' And it was apparent to every one that what she said was true. Indeed the affection existing between the two sets of children and their unity of feeling, was something very remarkable; they never spoke of each other as half brothers and sisters, and never seemed to feel any difference in their love for each and all, and this feeling lasted through all their lives.

"The sudden death of their beloved father, caused by an accidental fall from his horse, when Mary Anne was in her thirteenth year, caused a deep shadow to fall over their happiness. She always felt that that shock, and the loneliness and suffering it caused the mother and all the children, affected all her future life, bringing her mind to an early acquaintance with sorrow, arousing a sympathy with other sufferers, and causing a maturity of thought and feeling quite unusual in one so young.

"In 1823, she removed with her mother and her children to Plattsburgh, where, on the 16th of November, 1824, she was married to Mr. Charles W. Hawkins of Constable, Franklin county, a happy union, which continued to the joy and comfort of both, for nearly fifty years, and was only terminated by the death of her husband, one week previous to her own.

"They remained in Franklin county some years, but in 1828 removed to New York city, which from that period became the home and city of her adoption."

The following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Hawkins in July, 1843, gives the only recollections of her childhood and early youth that we have from her own pen:

"Yours was received two weeks since but I have been hoping to see you or cousin Harry to-day..... You speak of the reminiscences of childhood. That period so long and so fondly cherished by most is in a great degree obliterated from memory's page. The sudden and unexpected death of my father, at the early age of twelve, seemed almost at once to dissipate the thoughtlessness of childhood, and to be succeeded by the sorrows and cares of riper years. Four years more and I was a wife. Hope then beckoned me forward to a long period of joy and happiness, and I have no doubt I realized as much of both, as oftens falls to the lot of any, who seek mere worldly pleasure. Though of later years a 'glorious hope' has been mine, that will not make ashamed, that is to the soul, an anchor sure and steadfast.

"May I ask is this yours also, or do you still neglect this great salvation? Remember this alone is sufficient to bring you under condemnation, to close the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem. 'How shall we indeed escape, if we *neglect* Him, who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, who died that we might live?'"

Our thanks are due to the Rev. Dr. Budington of Brooklyn, for the following communication. We insert it here that it may better direct the mind of the reader to the *grace received* for the mission accomplished in the lifework we have briefly to narrate. A lifework interrupted at its noonday by years of suffering, and yet remarkably useful even to its close.

"Brooklyn, N. Y., June 17, 1874.

"Dear Madam: I am glad to know that you intend writing some memorial of the late Mrs. Hawkins. It seems to me eminently fitting, and I cannot doubt that it will be as useful. It is seldom God gives his church such an example of patient suffering, and submissive obedience. To me it has been one of the most precious privileges of my ministry, that I was permitted to know her, and in some humble ways to minister to her. When one considers for how many years she suffered under one of the most painful, and most remediless of bodily diseases; and how she bore it, with what spirit and sweetness and hope, she seems to be an ordained minister of God, to teach and illustrate his Gospel. I have reason to think that she looked upon it herself in this light. With all humility she felt, that God had called her to suffer, that this was definitely his will,

and recognizing it, she *did it*, her *suffering*, it was an active obedience; and without knowing what God's purposes were, she believed that they existed, and to accomplish them, she willingly worked in meek, patient, submissive endurance. For two years before the disease manifested itself, she had an impression on her mind, that something was to happen to her, something strange and important, by which she was to glorify God. She knew not what it was to be. Sometimes she thought she was to die, but the years passed in the constant and deepening belief that a trial was at hand, of some unknown kind, and her prayer was unremitting that God would prepare her for it, whatever it might be.

"It was owing to this peculiar experience, in some measure no doubt, that her submission was so profound. She bowed her head before a manifest providence. God had called her to this as really as he had his own dear Son to the cross and Paul to his apostleship. She did not exaggerate, in the least, the importance of her mission of suffering, she only felt the *reality* of it, and was therefore content to do and to suffer. An eminent lady once called upon her, to ask her to unite with several sisters, who deeply sympathized with her, and who felt that if they offered the prayer of faith, God would restore her to health. The recently published accounts of marvellous answers to such prayers, in the sudden, and to human eyes unaccountable recovery of confirmed invalids, was the ground upon which such a proposition was made to her. Mrs. Hawkins firmly, but in a thankful and affectionate spirit, declined to engage in this union of prayer for such a purpose. She could not bring herself to believe, that it was God's will thus to restore her; on the contrary, she was convinced that it was God's will, she should suffer as she did, and continue to suffer to the end. Some glorify God in one way, some in another; it was God's will, that she should glorify him in this way, and being satisfied of this, her supreme and unvarying prayer was, that God would enable her cheerfully to occupy the post he had assigned her, and acceptably do her work. She was full of confidence that he would—full of thanksgivings that he had; and when the end was at hand, in that last week of her life, so full of trial, and so needing trust, she felt persuaded that He who had so long supported her would not forsake her then; and he did not. Two successive Sabbaths ushered husband and wife into heaven, and the eternal Sabbath for them had begun.

"The perfectness of Mrs. Hawkins' submission was evidenced by the peacefulness of her countenance. This, rather than pain, would strike a stranger upon being introduced to her. Conversing with

her, one might even forget the pain she endured. She did not allude to it, unless the subject was introduced by another; and then she spoke truly, naturally and briefly about it. It was beautiful to see how she could interest herself in another's experience, even when they were the opposite of hers. A bright sweet smile irradiated her face, when the young, the well and the happy spoke of pleasures and hopes. She had no complaints to make, that God had confined her to her chair so many years, and made her so helpless as not to be able even to brush a fly from her face. She could read, and for this she was unspeakably grateful. She had unfaltering confidence in Him in whom she believed, and with this she was content. She knew the end would come, and then her Saviour's presence, and the mansions of her father's house! Blessed saint! thou art at rest now, thy God hath wiped away all tears from thine eyes, and thy eternal life is the richer and the sweeter, for what thou didst suffer here!

"I am very truly yours,

"WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON."

"GOD'S ways are not as our ways, his thoughts are not as ours;
He wounds us sore with cruel thorns, where we have looked for flowers;
But oh! 't is from the oft-pierced heart those precious drops distil,
That many a life, else all unblest, with healing balm shall fill;
Then give, oh give the flower to those who pray it so may be,
But I would choose to have the thorns, with thee, dear Lord, with thee!"

CHAPTER II.

Development of Character.—Conversion.—Labors as a Sabbath-School Teacher and Tract Visitor.—Moral Condition of the Tenement Population of the City.—Associated Effort.—Organization of the American Female Guardian Society.

It was immediately after the death of her honored father in 1820 that the womanly character of the twice bereaved daughter, M. A. Man, began to attract special notice. The smitten flock found solace in her words and acts of love, and the widowed mother a full return for her fidelity, in the filial devotion of a child whom she had drawn to her by silken cords.

The burdens so cheerfully borne at this period, were not without compensation. They helped to develop and mature characteristics of great value. The self-discipline acquired and earnest efforts to be useful proved in after years the truth of the Scripture, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

Love of home and domestic cares, and the quiet rural scenes by which she was surrounded, tended to refine and cultivate the affections and the tastes of girlhood, health and vigor were also promoted, and when Providence appointed her lot amid surroundings widely different, she realized the great worth of this physical culture.

The few who remember her as a youthful bride,

speak of her as being remarkably beautiful, as bearing about her a glowing radiance, a sweet simplicity and queenly grace peculiarly attractive; and in terms almost equally strong of the manly husband, on whom, as it proved, she was to lean confidingly for near half a century, finding every pledge of fidelity and trust faithfully redeemed.

For a time after coming to the city Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins were often the life of the gay circle, the observed of all observers, commanding special admiration. The cup of worldly pleasure was held temptingly to their lips; like many others they tasted its full value and found it unsatisfying, leaving the great want of the soul unmet.

But these blandishments of a fashionable, worldly life were not to last. They were to have a better Master, to live for higher, nobler ends. The passing years at this period were "years of the right hand of the most High."

The precious revivals pervading the land during 1830 and onward had reached the great city; Christian minds were tenderly alive to the worth of the soul, and constrained by the love that wrought its ransom, were everywhere seeking to lead the impenitent to Christ. The subduing influences of the Divine Spirit reached their hearts also, and they soon took their stand openly on the Lord's side. There was no half surrender, no vacillation on the part of Mrs Hawkins, but a full, glad committal of her entire being to Him who had loved her, and given himself for her.

She became an active teacher in the Sabbath-school, a faithful Tract Visitor, and an earnest Christian worker, in every sphere of duty indicated by divine Providence.

The crowded tenement houses, threaded by her from basement to garret, presented many objects of compassion appealing for sympathy and aid. In her district were found mothers who could not read, and who never visited the sanctuary to hear the word of life; children taught by precept and example to break all the divine commands, fathers besotted, improvident, abusive, reckless, from whom their families often shrank with terror; youthful daughters, once innocent and happy, now "lost in the great town;" lost to parents and friends, lost to virtue and lost to God, were among those for whom she labored at stated seasons, as the devoted missionary toils on heathen ground.

She studied those sections of the city most marred by moral degradation, and learned the approximate number of victims sent thence annually to a dishonored grave and the perdition of the ungodly, most of whom could say, "No man cared for my soul," and her heart yearned to engage in some more effective measures for their rescue.

About this time she united with an association of ladies whose specific object was the reformation of the fallen, where for a considerable period, her energies were much enlisted. At length certain questions arose, during the discussion of which it became apparent that such honest differences of views

existed as to prevent permanent unity of action. The one party assumed that in view of certain aspects of the work, it was better to *do* what might be done quietly, *saying nothing* through the press or otherwise, the other urged the expediency of *saying* and *doing* both; of giving words of warning that the unwary all abroad might be guarded from threatened dangers, and thus prevented from entering the outer circles, leading down "to those dread abysses where both soul and body die."

The one party believed it wise to publish a paper, judiciously conducted, the other deemed it exceedingly unwise at that period and protested against such measures. At this crisis, after prayerful deliberation, Mrs. Hawkins and two other ladies resigned their connection with this association, and with a few others called a meeting soon after, and in May, 1834, organized the charity now known as the "American Female Guardian Society."*

A few months later was commenced the issue of a periodical, known as "The Advocate of Moral Reform," afterward as the "Advocate and Family Guardian," to be henceforth the organ of the Society, and an exponent of their principles and work.

* The venerable Mrs. Hastings, while recently paying a loving tribute to the memory of the dear departed, remarked that the hand of divine Providence was most clearly to be seen in the division above named; as, through its agency there had been for some forty years, *two*—instead of *one*—most useful associations, both approved and blessed, and each performing its legitimate work, in the Master's vineyard.

Truly "His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways."

Without experience, without funds, without precedents for reference, without an editor, with few to encourage, and many to frown upon this doubtful undertaking, this little band of Christian sisters went forward with unswerving purpose and confiding trust.

Mrs. Hawkins—with one of her associates—edited their periodical the first six months, and found it a medium of communication with friends and helpers of increasing value.

After this time a more permanent editor was secured. The paper henceforward was well sustained, has now been published over forty years, has been widely circulated, and ever considered by its many thousand patrons an agency for good.

"YET do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

"Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun." WHITTIER.

CHAPTER III.

Aggressive Efforts in the Work of Reform and Prevention.—Opposition.—Prison Labors.—Visits to Sing-Sing Prison.—Measures to Secure the Appointment of Matrons in the Tombs.—Results.—Sabbath Meetings.

It was at an early stage of these efforts—in 1834 and '35—that the writer first met the subject of this sketch. On returning from a Home Missionary field in the far West, a lady invited us to a parlor-meeting, to be held, as she said, in the worst portion of the city.

On our way thither the object of the meeting was explained, and our sympathies enlisted. As we entered the room a group were bowed in silence, and the sweet, subdued voice of Mrs. Hawkins was leading their devotions. Others followed, unsolicited, and several present, without hope, exposed, fallen, and friendless, were deeply affected. None could doubt that the presence of the Holy Spirit was there specially manifest. At the close of the services, a pressing invitation from Mrs. Hawkins to join this little band in their Christian Work, met a ready response. Henceforth our onward paths were not divided, and it was ever our privilege to be a learner at her side, and enjoy sweet fellowship in a common cause.

In the varied measures adopted by the Society during the first stages of its work, Mrs. Hawkins

was constantly active in supervising, planning, watching results, leading the way, and seeing that all were at the post of duty.

In the reception-house—established for those professing a wish to reform—she learned from week to week the moral and spiritual condition of every inmate; and at the stated meetings for prayer, knew how to bear each case to the mercy-seat, also how best to appeal to the erring with words of maternal counsel.

The missionary visitors employed, often sought her advice in special cases, and after an interview with her, usually returned to their work with new courage.

While her heart was filled with pity for the victims of vice, and ardently desired their rescue, yet the greater work of *prevention* came to have a still larger place in her thoughts and efforts. She regarded the former as secondary and less hopeful, the latter as primary and entirely practicable.

The opposition met from those who felt that, in the views and principles advanced by the Society, "Thus saying thou reproachest *us* also," and from a better class whose peace was disturbed by the presentation of Christian duties, from which *they* would fain be excused, was often very painful to the flesh; but it was borne by Mrs. Hawkins with exemplary Christian meekness and equanimity. Unmoved alike by praise or censure, she went quietly forward, as her own way seemed clear, "living by the moment," asking, and consciously receiving divine

guidance. She made herself familiar with the management of our almshouses and prisons, and sundry city benevolent associations, and among other objects, her attention was specially directed to the moral condition of seamen. From facts and statistics gathered, it was apparent to her mind that this class, when on the land, were exposed to greater moral perils than when on the great deep.

About this time, through her direct agency, a Bethel Missionary was employed by the American Female Guardian Society, whose time was devoted to the moral and spiritual good of seamen, and for some years this department was sustained with encouraging results. This labor brought more fully before Mrs. Hawkins the wants of the sick, bereaved, and needy families of seamen, and led her in process of time to give quite largely her personal efforts and influence for their benefit.

While the question of placing matrons in charge in the Tombs and on Blackwell's Island was receiving consideration, Mrs. Hawkins visited Sing-Sing, to learn by observation the result of this measure there. She writes thus:

"I spent the last Sabbath at Sing-Sing Prison, and have gained some useful hints from Mrs. Bard, the excellent matron of the Female Department. She has now held this position long enough to test the expediency of her appointment. The adoption of this measure was a great gain in the work of reform. Mrs. Bard seems well adapted to the place, with the spirit of Elizabeth Fry, and the moral courage to do her duty. Her Christian labors with the women have already resulted in great good. Coarse or profane language is now unheard among them, and their minds are daily directed to a better life. I think we must not rest till the same meas-

ure is adopted in the Tombs—separate departments arranged for the men and women, and a matron placed in charge of her own sex, that both may be protected from influences so baneful as those that now meet them daily. I know most of the officers think it an impracticable measure, but it has not proved so at Sing-Sing, and many existing facts show its immediate necessity. We must continue to press our petitions, and pray that the minds of those in authority may be turned to the right."

For many months this matter was urged by memorial, petition, and personal appeal upon the attention of the directors of our public institutions, and at length an ordinance was passed in response to the same; the two sexes were located in separate prisons, and an efficient Christian matron placed in charge of the female department. Thus the way was opened for Sabbath-meetings, Bible-readings, etc., and the opportunity permanently improved. The previous desultory visiting, etc., was made systematic, and stated services were held weekly, to which Mrs. Hawkins devoted much time and prayerful consideration.

This quiet work of the long ago was often fruitful in results, immediate or remote, and the review from our present stand-point shows very clearly that the labor thus bestowed was not in vain in the Lord. The following incidents—a few of very many—will illustrate the prison-work of the period to which we have alluded, and the saving influence exerted by Mrs. Hawkins in behalf of those whom she sought to save.

We quote from memoranda of the date named.

CHAPTER IV.

Misled and Deserted.—A Rescued Family.

EXTRACTS from Journal, September 13:

"Our prison meetings continue to increase our work. So many cases occur claiming special attention, and that must not be neglected. At our usual prayer-meeting at the Tombs this P. M., some sixty or seventy were present. All quiet. Many listened attentively to the reading of the Word of God, and seemed manifestly convicted of their sin and danger.

"It was painful to see mere children among this group of fallen women. Some with their wretched mothers; some arrested because found with the vile, made homeless and friendless by the wrong-doing of parents—more sinned against than sinning.

"After the services a sad case was named to us, in which murder had been purposed, but the attempt failed. The matron conducted us to the cell of Mrs. W——, the poor woman implicated. She was lying upon a couch in great mental agony, having taken no food or had any sleep since the deed was attempted.

"'Will you see two ladies who have called here to attend a meeting with the prisoners?' said the matron.

"'Not if they are religious. Don't let them come near me.'

"'But they are your friends and will do you good. Do not repulse them.'

"Stepping to her side and taking her clenched hand, we said,

"'Be calm, Mrs. W——; if you will let us speak to you, you may not regret it.'

"Rolling her eyes wildly she exclaimed,

"'Curse him! curse him! kill him I will. Nothing shall change my purpose. I will send his soul to perdition.'

"'But suppose you should do so, you would only destroy yourself, for your life would most likely be taken by the law.'

"'What care I for that? I want to die; oh, I want to die! He deceived me. I thought him a Christian. He took me to church. I thought him a guide for soul and body. Away with your religion. I will believe nothing in it. I will trust no one any more.'

"'But, Mrs. W——, it is *hypocrisy* you condemn, not religion. One man has deceived you and acted wickedly; you believe him a

hypocrite. You have seen counterfeit bills and genuine bills on the same bank. You would not cast the good away because some are bad?'

"'I was always a respectable woman until now, and he has made me anything else. I will be revenged on him. The pistol has failed me, but I will do the work.'

"'Pray don't talk thus, Mrs. W——; it will be worse for you. To-morrow you will be called out for examination, and such language will surely condemn you. Now just promise us that you wont speak so to the magistrate.'

"'I will make no such promise. He has taken everything dear from me. He has caused me this suffering. He caused the death of my child. He was a lion, and I was helpless and in his power. He promised marriage and I thought him sincere, and then he cast me off. And but yesterday, when I appealed to him, he laughed me to scorn. I will be revenged, cost what it may.'

"The mental agony, apparent during the utterance of these expressions, drew tears from several within hearing. She was writhing under the 'sickening anguish of despair,' and every feeling of the soul seemed concentrated on the one full purpose of revenge.

"The frenzy of passion gleamed from her bloodshot eyes, so painful from weeping that she kept them mostly shut from the light, while rolling from side to side, and refusing words of kindness. When entreated to resist the tempter and look to God, she exclaimed,

"'Oh, I can't do that. He has left me.'

"The lesson furnished by this sad scene was most impressive. Three days later we saw Mrs. W—— again. She was more calm, and said with an imploring look,

"'Oh, tell me what I can do. I believe you are my friends.'

"'If we tell you what to do, will you do it?'

"'Yes, anything you say.'

"'Well, then, will you promise us no more to threaten or purpose *revenge?*'

"'Yes,' bursting into tears. 'But he has wronged me so deeply; I was reckless. I know it was wrong.'....

"Another solemn interview with Mrs. W——. Read the Scriptures and prayed with her, and witnessed some relentings that we hope may prove the beginning of true repentance. Saw a friend who had known her some years, and who testified to her previous good character and respectability. SABBATH: Attended a deeply

interesting meeting with the prisoners. With two exceptions all were attentive. Mrs. W—— was present, and gives reason for hope that time and reflection, with kind treatment, may be instrumental in her salvation. We learn that she is a member of a very respectable family; has had superior advantages; has a proud, determined spirit, consequently her fall, disappointment, and disgrace, produced anguish unutterable. . . . .

"The case of Mrs. W—— has been dismissed without coming to trial. She has been released from imprisonment, and now seems earnestly inquiring what she shall do to be saved."

In process of time this woman gave evidence of a radical change of heart and life, and was truly grateful for the faithful efforts of the prison visitors.

To her it was ever a mystery unsolved, that the *thief of virtue* should be countenanced in respectable society, and his victim excluded.

"Mothers all offer their stainless daughters,
Men of high honor pronounce him friend—
Skies! oh where are your healing waters?
World! oh where will thy wonders end?"

A Rescued Family.—"At our meeting to-day three really beautiful little children, one an infant, were clinging with sad faces to an inebriate mother, brought in by the police, partially recovered from delirium tremens. The group were objects of pity, especially the helpless children.

"It appeared, on inquiry, the woman was bereaved of her husband, left with no means of support, and not knowing where to go or how to get food, drank to drown her sorrow, and awoke to reason in the Tombs, realizing more fully than ever her folly and degradation. She appeared anxious to be saved, was willing to sign the pledge, go to a good home in the country with her infant, also to give her other children to the visitors to be adopted in Christian families. This aid was promised. On the morrow the effort must be made to find homes suited to each and all. May our heavenly Father guide."

Sequel.—Within a brief period, worthy parties who were made acquainted with this case by correspondence, were led to obey the whispered words,

"Take this child and train it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages." The solitary were set in families, no more to be dragged at midnight within gloomy prison walls; and the misguided mother, "a wiser and a better woman," was living honestly by the work of her hands, under protective and saving influences.

Near a quarter of a century had passed, and we stood with bereaved friends by the cherished spot where they had recently laid, in early womanhood, the loved form of one of the trio of little ones above named. The "adopted daughter" had died suddenly of a prevailing epidemic. But death had no terrors. She was represented as having been ever an amiable, affectionate child, a comfort and a blessing to her foster parents. She was an esteemed member of the Christian church, loved in life, and mourned in death, and had fully rewarded parental care and faithfulness.

Sometime later, among those who had come in to visit the Home, the name of her brother was announced, as waiting for an interview. As he approached us, we recognized the child features of the long ago, and the strong resemblance to the departed sister. Memory recalled vividly the scene in the Tombs, the wrecked family for whom dear Mrs. Hawkins labored so assiduously and effectively. The mother and infant had long since departed, and as we listened to the pleasant life history of this young man, in his distant foster home, and in the church where he now holds official position, we felt

that prayer had been answered for those two children, and that the "bread cast upon the waters" had been found again after many days.

While with us Mr. —— visited the Home schoolrooms, and made an effective address to the children, endeavoring vainly, meantime, to suppress his deep emotions. He afterward visited Mrs. Hawkins, in her sick-room, and expressed his manly gratitude for what she did for him when a friendless child. This visit was a pleasant memory to Mrs. Hawkins, mentioned once and again with thanks to God for his goodness.

CHAPTER V.

Enlarged Work.—Trials of Faith.—Patience in Tribulation.—Opposition Overruled.—The Home and its Work.—Visits at Albany.—Responsibilities Increased.—Views, Plans, and Aims.

During the years from 1838 to 1848, inclusive, Mrs. Hawkins' personal labors were incessant—"without haste, without rest," always at the post of duty, not only at our stated meetings, but in a variety of outside labors, as occasion occurred. Her experience proved a daily comment upon the adage, "There is always work, and hands to work withal, for those who will."

The widow, the orphan, the fatherless, friendless, penniless, and homeless, found in her a friend in need. In her common-sense, motherly talks with the needy and sorrowing, she aimed to inculcate self-reliance, living honestly by the work of the hands, having the heart in the right place, doing and trusting, avoiding the appearance of evil, and seeking to be guided only by the Word of God.

During these years, the work of the Society over which she presided was much enlarged; annual and semi-annual meetings were held, and well sustained by ladies both in New York and other sections; and thus the knowledge of the Society and its principles and aims were extended. Woman's duties in her appropriate sphere, as sister, wife, and mother, and especially as a disciple of Jesus,

were prominent themes of discussion at these gatherings, and were ever so presented and impressed as to exert a salutary influence.

The presence of Mrs. Hawkins always gave assurance that everything would "be done decently and in order." To our inmost hearts her name became more and more as a tower of strength, and measures devised or advised by her were always pursued with confidence.

The following brief extracts from her letters show how truly and fully her heart was enlisted in the work:

"NEW YORK, August, 1842.

"MY DEAR SISTER INGRAHAM: . . . Yesterday our Board met, and as we bowed before the mercy-seat we felt that Jesus was in our midst. You, my dear sister, were not forgotten. I think the prayer of faith was offered in your behalf, that the Lord would fill your heart with peace and filial trust. I never felt more deeply the importance of our work than now. . . .

"I expect to leave to-day for the northern part of the state; shall be gone till September, and perhaps may stay till near the time of the semi-annual meeting; but my attending it will depend on what I hear from you. If you go to Oswego county and vicinity, after conferring with friends, let me know the result, and whether you think I could advance our work by spending a few days in that section. I am sorry to ask you to write, knowing how much you have to do, but shall feel anxious to hear all about matters and things as soon as you return, or before.

"On Friday Mrs. —— called on me to ask me to recommend her to the commissioners as matron at Blackwell's Island. She had learned that the commissioners had in contemplation the appointment of a matron. It was good news indeed to learn that our petition was being taken into consideration. I saw Mr. Todd again on Saturday evening, and now have hopes that a matron will soon be appointed. The applicant is a member of the church in M—— street, and if her husband is appointed keeper, much needed reforms may be expected. I feel this a rebuke for my want of faith, and my heart utters the silent aspiration, 'Lord, increase my faith.' . . . .

"When you write, direct to Fort Covington. God bless you.

"Truly yours, M. A. HAWKINS."

"FORT COVINGTON, Sept. 9, '42.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: . . . I have seen your editorial correspondence in the 'Advocate' of September 1, and rejoice that you have found anything encouraging. I feel very much for you, in view of our coming meeting, and would try to lighten your burden by being present at that time; but Providence seems to direct otherwise. I know 'it is not by might, nor by power,' and though many should be absent who have been accustomed to be with you, yet *His Spirit* being there, all will be well. You have so long tried to walk by faith and not by sight, you do not need to be reminded of the words, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

"I do long to see all our dear band; united as we are by a threefold cord, which we trust will never be broken, partners alike in cares and trials, yet rejoicing in the unchangeableness of our covenant-keeping God, are we not greatly blessed in being thus drawn together? . . . Love to all our co-workers.

"Affectionately, M. A. HAWKINS."

It was during these years that the Society passed through sundry trying ordeals, being assailed by foes without and foes within, such as plots laid to defraud its treasury, mar its work, blight the Christian influence of its leaders, divide its counsels, and hinder its usefulness.

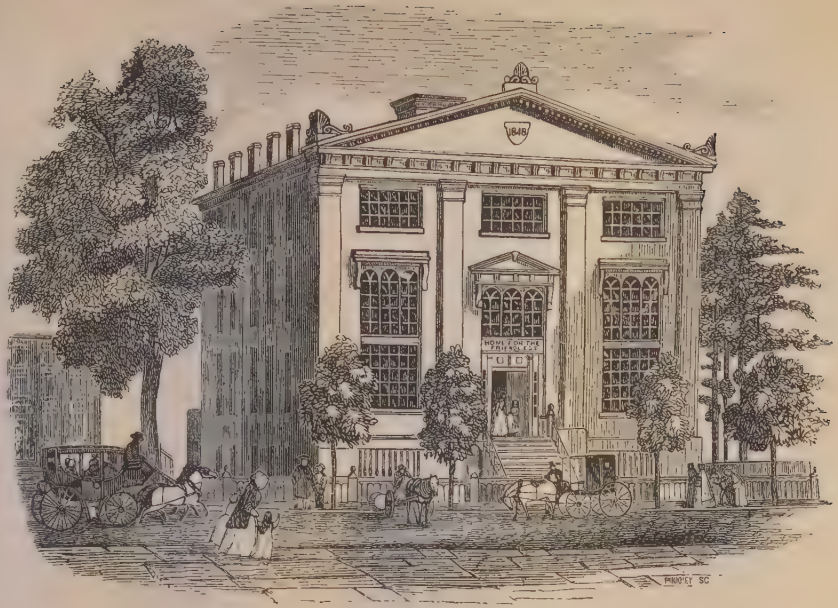
Mrs. Hawkins was greatly tried by these developments; but her beautiful Christian spirit, forbearance, faith, and hope were an example and stimulus to others. The trials endured at this period were overruled for good, and needful lessons were imparted that had not else been learned. The band of workers were drawn closer to the Rifted Rock, nearer to the mercy-seat, and better prepared for the enlargement and prosperity soon after given in answer to prayer.

We recollect on one of the darkest days of this dark season, in a little circle met for special prayer, Mrs. Hawkins read and commented on this Scripture with tearful emotion: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." It seemed to come to her afresh, as if specially directed by a loving Father; her faith appropriated the promise, and she was comforted.

The progress of the work was not seriously retarded; the circulation of the "Advocate" was steadily increased; the views and principles proclaimed through its pages, its appeals for the young and friendless, struck responsive chords in parental and Christian hearts; and united expressions of interest, sympathy, and readiness to co-operate, gave encouragement to our beloved sister and her associates, and they were enabled to tread the thorns down and press onward.

It was during these years that the "*Home for the Friendless*," the first of its kind ever originated, came to have "a local habitation and a name."* In the labors necessary to collect funds, prepare plans, devise judicious arrangements, enlist extended aid, etc., etc., she was instant in season and out of season; and at length, when success crowned the enterprise, and the top-stone was laid upon the edi-

* Since that period over *twenty* similar institutions have been founded in different cities of the United States, and are now doing each a good work, that in the aggregate must save many that are "cast out and ready to perish."


1848
HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS
FINNEY SC

fice, her heart beat, in unison with others, with joy unspeakable.

When preparing our report of this year for publication, she came to us with the words of another, desiring that the quotation might be introduced as the only appropriate expression of the feelings of our Board in relation to the erection of the Home:

"Truly the Lord has built the house, and not we. It is exceeding great condescension that he has been pleased to use those so altogether unworthy of such an honor in this work. To *him* they long to direct the eye—*him* they desire to be seen in the work. He alone is worthy of all honor and glory. Had he not given the encouragement and faith, in dependence upon himself, to commence this work, they would never have done so; let then to God all the glory be given, and let none be sinning by taking the least honor to themselves, when it is the Lord's house, and not theirs."

Never shall we forget the joyful, sweet expression of her countenance at our first meeting in the Committee-room before the house was occupied, and but the day previous to its public dedication. Tears of gratitude flowed freely during the opening prayer. In this little circle, bowed for the first time in that upper room, the Home was consecrated to God and his poor, with an entirety that left the feeling in the secret heart that the work which he had given strength and means to accomplish was accepted of the Master, that the smiles of his love were upon it, and that henceforth his people of every name may labor here in unison to save the perishing, and lead the homeless to a home in heaven.

Repeated visits to Albany by Mrs. Hawkins and others resulted in securing a favorable consideration

of the petitions of the Society before the Legislature, also in obtaining a *charter*, indispensable to continued success.

With the completion of the Home edifice, a new era was reached, and new facilities acquired for enlarged operations. For the class of children so long sheltered, in successive groups, in sundry families of the managers of the Society, there was now a temporary abiding-place, known and approved by the Christian public, and the number both of adults and children seeking its aid became steadily enlarged.

Responsibilities were increased and cases of interest multiplied. The remaining debt upon the building was to be removed, provision made for a large household, which must be well and wisely ordered in all things, and without a leading mind to plan and guide acceptably, harmony and system could not have been achieved.

The institution had no endowment—held funds in no bank but the bank of faith. The previous operations of the Society required the same diligent supervision as before. Its publications must be rightly directed, and made effective; missionary visiting and labors among the widows and fatherless must be continued; the young and tempted guarded from the snares of the designing and the open pitfalls spread for their feet; while the Home must be made an auxiliary to this end to the extent of its capacity, and the means furnished. And when this was done as far as practicable, we were not to

stop here—not to circumscribe aggressive action when there was so much land to be possessed.

Mrs. Hawkins, while ever an active leader in promoting these special aims, had pressing upon her mind at this period the painful truth,

> "The streets of the city are full
> Of poor little perishing souls,
> Who wander away from the light
> To the places that Satan controls."

"*So many*," she frequently observed, "unreached by any right instruction, moral, mental, or physical; so degraded and left a prey to the spoiler!"

Her heart yearned to have schools of the right type established for these little ones, located near the purlieus of vice and crime, amid the tenement population, and wherever a suitable opening could be found.

Her views were urged upon her associates, and shared fully by most. Her mind was full of work, and all opportunities presented were faithfully improved.

Could she have then seen the eleven schools now in charge of the Society, and the many thousands they have benefited, her heart would have been full of gratitude and praise.

CHAPTER VI.

Continued Labors.—Interest in the Families of Seamen.—Beginning of Dark Days.—Herculean Efforts to Overcome Disease.—Spirit of Submission.—An Example of Patience, Meekness, Christian Love and Fidelity, through Years of Sickness and Helplessness.—Letter from Hot Springs, Arkansas.—Labors and Counsels.

It is but just to say, the enlarged views of the claims of Christian benevolence, cherished by Mrs. Hawkins, were not allowed to conflict with home duties. In her daily plans, these had ever their proper place. Her strong sense of right forbade the sacrifice of the greater to the less, and the words of Solomon were especially applicable in her case, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." No exactions on the part of Mr. Hawkins presented obstacles to the performance of the work to which she had been called. On the contrary, his cheerful aid and encouragement were often a stimulus without which her energies might have flagged. The maternal character of Mrs. Hawkins was also very marked, though not blessed with children of her own. During the many years of intimate acquaintance, prized by the writer as above price, at every period, when not boarding, she had in her family one or more children to whom she manifested the love and care of a true mother. Several of those longest in her household, were there impressed with their great need of an interest in the Saviour, became

true converts, and active members of the Christian church. One of these, a beloved niece, remained with her some ten years, nursing her with filial tenderness and fidelity. Every service that a child could have rendered through years of sickness, was patiently, cheerfully, lovingly performed; and when at last the tie was sundered, no daughter ever grieved more sincerely for the loss of an own mother beloved and revered.

We have said before, the sympathies of Mrs. Hawkins were enlisted early in behalf of the widows and daughters of seamen, many of whom were brought to her notice in connection with her ministrations to the sick and suffering; and the fact of their great need of the "charity of wages," led her to feel that they were a class whose claims should not be overlooked. After the Home came to be well established, with a corps of earnest workers who had imbibed much of her spirit, she felt at liberty to devote more time to other kindred interests, and this was among the most prominent in her thoughts and efforts.

A "Mariner's Family Industrial Society," organized to supply remunerative employment to the destitute female relatives of seamen, was soon after struggling for successful existence. She seemed called to fill the position of President of this association in addition to other duties, a post of usefulness that she still retained acceptably through all her long illness.

The reader will find a brief official tribute to her

memory, with allusions to her work and its results, in this department of Christian charity, from the pens of the Secretary of this Society and others in a subsequent chapter.

Her time was now more divided than formerly between two associations. Still she ever exhibited the same undiminished interest in the American Female Guardian Society and its growing work. At all its meetings, annual, semi-annual, monthly, weekly and special, she was still our leader, always on time, and never unprepared to meet personal responsibility.

The last semi-annual meeting Mrs. Hawkins was able to attend, was held at Auburn, September, 1852. Soon after her return from this interesting gathering, she was laid aside by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, complicated with other maladies.

The most assiduous attentions and skill of the best physicians, failed to restore health. Days, weeks, months, years of patient endurance, and almost superhuman efforts to resist and overcome the disease, brought but

"The sickening pang of hope deferred."

While able to write Mrs. Hawkins was always a prompt correspondent. Had her letters been preserved they would furnish many additional pages of special interest to this record. The single note here inserted, is all we have been able to reach pertaining to her mental exercises during the earlier stages of her long illness.

'PLATTSBURG, June 21, 1853.

"MY DEAR SISTER: I received your very kind note before leaving the city, and should have replied, had I not expected to see you again.

"I appreciate, though most unworthy, the kind attentions and expressions received from my many friends, from none more than yourself. I could not restrain the tears, as I read your soothing words, and thought of many other tokens of love and sympathy. I remembered that all this was for Christ's sake, and that none of his promises will fail, and was comforted. How precious are the words 'For he knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'

"How soon are ties of business and home sundered. 'T is best, or it would not be thus appointed. 'Here we have no continuing city.' Some trials have been mine, but oh, how many blessings still remain. I must not dwell upon the trials, I have not sufficient strength to meet only by trusting, and *that* is always best.

"And now, dear sister, I hope you are better, and that our Heavenly Father will soon restore you to your accustomed duties and privileges. Oh what a blessing is health! My dear mother is doing all in her power to make me comfortable, and on the whole I trust I am making some improvement. I shall look for a letter from you soon.

"As ever affectionately yours,

"M. A. HAWKINS."

A letter written in 1855, was penned while hope of recovery was still strong, and remedies reliably recommended were being tried in her case, often at large cost and much personal sacrifice.

"HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, June 29, 1855.

"DEAR SISTER: Many thanks for the papers and letters that are coming from time to time to greet me in this far-off stranger land. . . . New-Yorkers, with few exceptions, know more of Europe than of this secluded state, though one of the Union; and as to facilities for reaching the two places, there is no comparison. The cessation of navigation upon the larger rivers makes a journey into the interior something to be remembered for years to come, especially where steamboats have superseded the necessity of any attention to roads, and the energies of the people are expended upon individual speculations and gambling, which, judging from what comes under my observation here, is the case to some extent.

"This being my first visit to the Southern States, and consequent first personal observations of the effects of an institution we have so much deprecated at the North, I am scarcely prepared to give an intelligent opinion, especially as I have not seen anything that might be dignified by the name of 'plantation,' if I except some rough settlements, observed from the steamer as we passed down the Mississippi; but among effects observable, *gambling* seems almost a necessity for the slave-owner. He is not expected to perform manual labor, *that* occupation is for slaves, and what shall he do with *time?* He cannot eat, sleep, or ride it all away. Excitement must be had. Gambling furnishes it, at home or abroad, on a smaller or larger scale. And while the millions toil, the hundreds rush on and into perdition. A looker-on, like myself, would almost conclude that it was a race, where but one obtained the prize, instead of a precipice, that all were aware of, and as they press on, sooner or later, were sure to make the fatal leap. . . . .

"Of the things I have seen and heard here, I will mention, by the way, I have met two families coming South to reside, who have taken little girls from the Juvenile Asylum, in New York. You will readily infer that both the families and the children were objects of uncommon interest to me. This interest was not lessened when I inquired of the child about five years old, if she could sing any little verses for me, and her foster-mother replied, 'She *did* sing a number when she first came to us, but has nearly forgotton them.' I then inquired if she could remember the one beginning—

"'I think when I read that sweet story of old.'

'Oh yes; we used to sing that at Mrs. Luckey's,' her countenance lighting up with smiles; 'yes, the Mission School, did you know that?' Having assured her I knew *that*, we were very soon warm friends. I learned subsequently this child's mother died in the Penitentiary; her father's whereabouts was unknown. From the foregoing, her former associations and surroundings are familiar to you; also the instrumentalities which have rescued her. Now she is the adopted and only child of good, plain, substantial people; her wants, both physical and moral, are well attended to, the religious training I was not so well satisfied about, for the present at least; but He who has caused this brand to be plucked from the burning will not lose sight of it.

"After meeting these children, there were two things suggested to my mind as highly important in our work. One you have already anticipated me in at your Annual Meeting—*a concert of prayer on their behalf*—united, persevering prayer, what will it not accomplish?

What has it not done already? Removed mountains! yes, far more, broken in pieces the flinty hearts of men; taught those who were accustomed to do evil, to do well; brought down blessings from above, that we shall never estimate till we reach that world where we shall know as we are known. Then, dear sisters, let us pray, and pray and never faint.

"The battle ne'er give o'er,
Until the victory 's won."

Saturday night, let our hearts unite in calling for blessings, the inestimable one of a renewed heart, for those hapless children of want and sorrow. The second suggestion that occurred was, that all the little hymns and pieces taught to the children at the Home, Mission School, and Juvenile Asylum, etc., should be collected and printed in a small volume, to be presented to each child as they leave the institution. I presume the other institutions would unite with us in the expense.

"We cannot now estimate the importance of this good seed sown, still more of its being retained in the memory. No one being familiar with these songs where the children go, they are soon forgotten, which would not be the case if the books went with them; and might we not hope the good seed would bear a hundred fold even in the households where these little songs had never been heard before.

"Little Rock derives its name from being the first place where rocks or stones are found on the Arkansas River. It is situated about 150 miles from its mouth. Thence to the Hot Springs, 50 miles, is a rough and mountainous district, quite in contrast with most of the Northern States. This district is covered with a fine growth of Norway pine, mingled with oaks and the usual forest-trees that grow with the pine, north. The Hot Springs are formed upon the side of, and at the base of a mountain, fifty or more in number, and probably not extending more than a quarter of a mile in circumference. The town is in a narrow valley, clustering around the springs, though extending considerably in length, as the valley at that point is not generally more than twenty rods wide. This valley continues about three miles, nowhere more than fifty rods wide. There are also quite a number of cold mineral springs found in this vicinity, mostly containing iron; but as they have not been analyzed, their qualities are but imperfectly known, although some of them are considerably used by a certain class of visitors. The property, we are told, has several claimants, and is in law, so that every arrangement is but temporary, and on a very primitive scale. The buildings are mostly one story high, 50 or 100 feet long, one

room deep, opening upon a porch; this latter serves for a hall and sitting-room. The buildings are rough clapboarded, whitewashed within and without, the floors made of rough boards, and the rest in keeping. The springs are one of the great natural curiosities of our country; the water is pure and clear as crystal, and so *hot* that we sip it as we would tea and coffee, and we can take four tumblerfuls in the course of taking a bath, and not feel any unpleasant effects from it, nor does it grow unpleasant from longer use; they also use it for several domestic purposes, as washing clothes, etc. It is said to contain lime, magnesia, and arsenic, but its properties are but imperfectly known. Thus you perceive that everything is in its infancy here, and that much remains to be done, both by science and industry, to develop the resources of one of the great provisions prepared by our beneficent Creator for the afflictive diseases incident to the country. I am not prepared, as yet, to speak of the effects of the water in my own case, as my disease has been of so long standing—time alone can determine results—but I may add, that I am so much encouraged that I shall probably remain through the summer. The heat is not as intense as in other sections of the South, nor is the place subject to the same diseases. The face of the country is so much like northern New York, that I scarcely feel myself from home. 'The Lord is my Shepherd' here, as elsewhere.

"Affectionately yours,

"M. A. HAWKINS."

Several months were spent at the Springs, where so many invalids had been restored, but with no perceptible or lasting benefit.

To a wide circle of loving friends it was a matter of surprise and sorrow that one so useful, so adapted to doing good, apparently so necessary to the success of sundry departments of Christian effort, should be thus afflicted—that it should

"Be hers to drag for years
Pain's heavy chain;"

and her Christian fortitude, cheerful submission, and abiding trust, were no less a marvel to "lookers-on."

As her once-active limbs became more and more distorted and stiffened, showing that the *outward* man had too surely begun to perish, it was equally apparent that the *inward* man was being renewed day by day.

Her mental and spiritual vision remained clear, and unless under special medical treatment, or suffering acute pain, she seemed as able and willing to give her attention and judicious counsel to the several objects for which she had so long labored, as when enjoying her former vigor. Indeed, her mental health remained unimpaired to the last, and this was regarded by herself and others, as one of the greatest mercies mingled in her cup of sorrow.

CHAPTER VII.

Personal Recollections of Mrs. M. A. Hawkins.

THE following testimony by Mrs. C. C. North, refers to the period embraced in our last chapter, and is in point here:

"I shall never forget the first time I saw Mrs. Hawkins. In the early Fall of 1848 the Tenth Semi-annual meeting of the American Female Guardian Society was held in Poughkeepsie, where I had been spending the summer. On entering the church my attention was immediately attracted to the presiding officer, who with others sat in the altar. I thought I had never seen a more complete embodiment of true womanhood. The dignity and grace with which she performed her duties, her pleasant cheerful voice, no less than her comely and truly benevolent face, won my admiration, and produced an impression which twenty-five years have not effaced. How little I then thought that I should be privileged to call that noble Christian woman my friend, or that I would live to see her comely person distorted by disease and suffering! On becoming a manager of the Society, I was brought in personal contact with the object of my admiration, whom I then learned to revere and love. Her keenness of perception, her decision, her maturity of judgment, were traits so manifest, that none could be associated with her, without feeling their influence. Her impartiality inspired confidence which was never misplaced. How active and energetic she was! How full of plans for the prosecution of this great work of saving the young! Her influence was magnetic and her enthusiasm contagious, acting as an impetus to urge on her fellow-helpers. She was no procrastinator, but planned to execute without delay. Amid all it was plain she was a woman of prayer, having great faith in it to overcome obstacles. I witnessed the day of triumph when the 'Home' was dedicated, and she and her fellow-laborers had the desire of their hearts consummated in seeing a shelter provided for the homeless. Still there was no time to rest, and early and late she labored for the interest of the Society. Alas, I witnessed too the gradual giving way of this overtaxed system, and as months wore on, one active duty after another delegated to

others. Thus had I learned dear sister Hawkins when in the order of Providence I with my family became an inmate of hers. Here in this closer relation I had opportunity to see her in her domestic life. Methodical and systematic in her habits, having that rare but happy faculty of planning for others, she exercised as discreet management of her household as if able to move about at will. She manitested a Christian solicitude for the welfare of her servants, endeavoring to correct their bad habits, and encouraging them in well-doing. Mrs. Hawkins was very fond of children, though never blessed with the joys of maternity, she had a warm, motherly heart. To many an entertaining story, told in her sweet tones, did my little ones listen. Even the infant at her request would be placed on her lap to receive her affectionate caresses. Her advice and encouraging words often helped and cheered me in the care of my little flock. It was during this winter that the first "Home Industrial School" was formed, in which Mrs. Hawkins took a lively interest, and though it was with great difficulty she could get from the carriage to the schoolroom, she would visit it, and speak encouraging words to teacher and children. It was with pain that we saw that her lameness and helplessness increased, but with characteristic fortitude and strong resolution to do everything in her power to further restoration to health. In pursuance of this, she (in the Spring) made preparations for a journey to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, where it was hoped she might find the health so long sought. We looked on in wonder at her cheerful calmness, and when everything for her comfort that loving hands could prepare had been done, and we saw her placed in the carriage to be conveyed to the cars, it was with feelings of tender pity, mingled with admiration for her implicit trust in her Heavenly Father's protection. After wearisome months of deprivation, with her disease but little alleviated, she was permitted to return to us. Years of suffering and patient waiting followed, but they were not years of idleness. Though denied the power of locomotion, her active brain and warm heart were ever ready to devise benevolent plans for others to execute. No one could visit the dear sufferer without learning something to make them better. Contrary to the habit of most invalids she seldom mentioned her afflictions or if mentioned, quickly changed the subject. Her interest for the young was still manifested, seizing opportunities for words of advice, encouragement, &c. The year before her death I went to visit her, accompanied by the son who in tender childhood delighted to sit by her side, and listen to stories suited to his age, now grown to manhood, and

about to dedicate himself to the work of the ministry. With what tender emotion she talked with him, evincing her deep interest in his welfare, and manifesting her own deep religious experience!

"On leaving the house, my son said: 'Mother, I thank you for bringing me here. The memory of this visit will never be effaced, and will do me good for future years.' Doubtless many others have left her presence with similar feelings. Now, we can no more behold her face, nor listen to her sweet voice, but the impress she has made on our hearts, and her many words of wisdom will still live in our memories, cheering and encouraging us in hours of darkness, and inciting us to pursue the path of duty no matter what obstacles may obstruct.

"May we diligently follow her precepts and imitate her worthy example, feeling that though her bodily presence is removed, her spirit is permitted to be in our midst.

"E. M. NORTH."

CHAPTER VIII.

Remedies Unavailing.—Occupation as an Invalid.—Thirteen Years removed from a Carriage to the Home Committee-Room in a Chair.—Interest and Wise Counsels.

GRADUALLY Mrs. Hawkins lost the use of her limbs. The best helps that human skill has provided to assist locomotion were made available from time to time, and used alternately for successive years; and thus a good degree of physical exercise, in the open air and otherwise, was secured.

On the return of each Wednesday morning, when circumstances favored, the strong arms of her husband, with other aid, bore her to and from the carriage, up the flight of steps to the Home committee-room, and placed her gently in her accustomed seat. A smile of thanks rewarded their care, and she was then—forgetful of self—ready to engage in the duties of the hour, until four o'clock P. M. when her kind escort again appeared, and she was removed from the committee-room to the carriage, homeward bound.

For more than thirteen years this item in her weekly experience was repeated with few exceptions, and was counted by herself and her associates a mutual privilege. She enjoyed the opening season of prayer, and sometimes remarked that in no other place had she found habitually such ready access, such nearness to the Saviour, as here.

The company of little ones brought to the Home

within the preceding week, placed in single file about our table at a given hour, that such of their antecedents as were needful to be known, to guide arrangements for their future, might come to our common knowledge, always elicited her maternal interest. She said, after seeing them, and knowing some particulars, she thought we all knew better how to pray for them.

The smiling or sad faced infants, and other little candidates for adoption, ready perchance for stranger homes waiting to receive them, were also remembered afterward as they might not have been but for thus seeing them face to face just previous to their departure.

Verbal or written reports from our visitors and teachers, schools, and publishing department, kept her mind so fully posted that she still felt identified with the work, and while her presence and words of wisdom were encouraging to her associates, she was herself diverted and profited.

She often called attention to the Saturday evening concert of closet prayer, long observed by the Society and its Auxiliaries, and urged its continuance. She would remark, "You know, my dear sisters, the foundation of this work was laid in prayer. It has been only in answer to prayer that obstacles have been removed, and facilities given to go forward. Prayer is our only stronghold. Whether I am spared to be with you long or otherwise, I do trust you will remember to 'pray without ceasing,' remembering that here lies your strength.

"These many children of prayerless mothers, these young women that come to us daily without a friend or protector, ignorant of the moral dangers that surround them, how shall we discharge our duty toward all these, except we bear them unitedly to the mercy-seat, and do what we can for their immortal interests?"

Could the transcript be given of all her sisterly, Christian talks in the committee-room, it would form a chapter of no ordinary interest. There was in those talks nothing officious or assuming, but the simple language of an earnest heart, divinely taught, full of love and sympathy; talks not far-fetched, but suggested by the occasion, and so adapted to their purpose as to enforce conviction of the right.

The diversity of character among applicants, beneficiaries and fellow-helpers, the many phases of human want and sorrow, the exactions of the selfish and self-seeking found in the line of this work required to be met by a leading mind, equable, far-seeing, just; one governed by judgment not feeling, solicitous always to act as in the sight of the Master, never sacrificing the greater to the less, but making all decisions with a view to the highest good. This capacity and adaptation were accorded to our sister by all who had known her longest and most intimately. Hence when disease so held her in his iron grasp that the future gave little promise of improvement, the reluctance to part with her valued services was so strong that a change

was long strenuously opposed, and she still retained her official relation, while an acting President was appointed to fill her place when absent.

It was during these years of patient endurance and labor that our sister, Mrs. H. Wilson, since then for many years Recording Secretary for the American Female Guardian Society, was introduced into the work. Her reminiscence of this period is beautifully expressed in the following communication :

"When first I saw Mrs. Hawkins presiding, as she then did, at the meeting of the Board of Home Managers, scarcely an association of disease or suffering was connected with her image. On the contrary there was an atmosphere of peculiar serenity and repose about her, foreign to all thoughts of sickness and pain. She would be seated in her usual place before I entered, and nothing in look, tone, or word, drew attention from the business of the day to anything personal.

"What then impressed me most, was the calm, clear, impartial presentation of any case or question peculiarly demanding the consideration of the Board. What her own view might be was scarcely apparent at first, the matter was so fully presented, the arguments on both sides so fairly laid before her hearers—the judgment of every individual so sought, and the reasons given so listened to and weighed. Only when the time came for her to speak, when her own judgment was asked for, as a guidance and help to ours, did we realize this impartiality resulted in no indecision of mind upon the matter. Viewing both sides fairly, she then came to her conclusions, and presented them with a clearness and force which made them almost invariably convincing to others. Seeking her, as I then began to do, in her own home, for the privilege of more private and personal communion, I found the same rare charm pervading all her views. I heard her differ in judgment from others. I never heard her say 'I cannot *conceive* how any Christian can think otherwise.' She always *could* conceive, she always *did* see the light in which a debated question was looked at by both parties, and while her convictions as to what was, for her, the path of duty, were clear and unwavering, her earnestness never made her uncharitable or unjust to others. She fulfilled, as I think few whom I have met ever did, the *two* difficult rules of the great French

thinker Pascal. 'In presenting a matter for the judgment of others,' she did not 'unduly bias their judgment by her *manner* of presenting it,' but placed it before them, as I have said, with rare impartiality, while in an equally rare degree, 'showed to others their error by first fairly considering the question from the standpoint in which the opposite party viewed it, and candidly admitting the truth of all that could justly be alleged from that standpoint. Then came her own calm, clear expression of views and the reasons for them, almost always carrying with them conviction of their correctness. How often did I long to avail myself of her advice, when circumstances perplexed me, or dubious questions of right and wrong made me crave a counsellor.

"One day, at the Home, as I was about to go down to the reception-room, I saw a bowed form being borne with evident pain up the stairway. How startled I was, when as at last, she looked up, I saw the calm, serene face of Mrs. Hawkins. That was a revelation of physical infirmity for which no intercourse had prepared my mind; for, in the several interviews I had previously enjoyed, I had received no intimation of her diseased state. But, alas! from that time, week by week, it became more manifest. For awhile her wonderful energy and will triumphed over physical obstacles, till at last came the sad conviction that she could no more preside in our midst.

"But the tie grew stronger, not weaker. Who can recall that chamber of suffering, and not link the deepest and most hallowed influences with the memory of its inmate? It was wonderful to see the unimpaired intellect, the unabated interest in every good word and work, but more wonderful still, was the unfailing fortitude and resignation with which she bore her own sufferings, and her constant thoughtfulness of the feelings of those around her.

"Of her pains, her anguish, she spoke but little; but when trying phases of illness, different from her own, were alluded to, how touching was her sympathy, and the remark, 'I have often thought how thankful I ought to be that my illness was not of that character, that I am spared *that* trial.'

'Rejoicing in a few days' recreation for the young relative whose loving care soothed so many painful hours, 'She needs the change,' she said, 'not only for her physical benefit, but to enable her to bear the claim I constantly must make on her sympathies. I think it is a great strain to be compelled to witness suffering, oftener harder than to bear it.'

"I have said she rarely alluded to her own suffering, and only

once did her fortitude for a moment leave her, as with trembling lips she said, 'I hope *groaning* is not murmuring.'

"'He heareth the groaning of his prisoners,' was God's own answer from the Word, and instantly her heart responded to its soothing influence.

"Faith and patience never failed. It was something more than resignation manifested by her; it was acquiescence serene and trustful, resting with undoubting faith in the wisdom, love, and power which chose her lot, and which she knew would keep her to the end.

"'I feel that your crown will be very bright,' I could not help one day saying to her; 'you have borne more than your share of earth's sufferings.' Understanding the feeling which prompted the expression, she made no comment on its somewhat dubious form of utterance, but smiling, gently answered, 'I do not feel so. I have had many helps and blessings others have not.'

"She was always simple and sincere in her phraseology; no exaggeration of humility, humble as she was. 'How we should miss you, if you were gone,' I once exclaimed, as I sought her for advice, and found in her room others who had come for the same purpose; 'what should we do without you?' 'Well, I should be sorry not to be missed,' was the answer simply and sweetly given. I could dwell long on the theme, but other pens I trust will do her fuller justice. Yet how feebly, after all, can words convey an adequate idea of her excellence. For the most wondrous thing of all, was not aught she said or did, but the serene, calm *tone* and manner which pervaded her life. Every *look*, every accent, was a hymn of faith and love, such as language could not have uttered in words, and fell on the ear as no words could have done, teaching their lesson of God's grace sustaining his child in the hottest furnace of trial, and keeping her in perfect peace, while she with unwavering faith, trusted in him.

"Her clothing 'wrought gold,'
The Artist—Divine—
Such vestments shall last,
When suns cease to shine."

The following letters indicate the deep interest felt by Mrs. Hawkins in the work of the Mariners' Family Industrial Society:

"New York, May 25, 1857.

"My Dear Mrs. Lambert: My heart and my hands are so full, I scarcely know where to commence a letter to you after so long a time. You are aware by letters from others, that, although my name stills stands in the Mariners' Family Industrial Society where you left it, I have been able to do but little for it; that I am still quite a helpless invalid. I only get about by being carried in a chair or rolled about in my wheel-chair; but my general health is better than when you left, so this spring, having failed in all our efforts to persuade Mrs. Loveland to return to the Society, I take my place. We have finally made a renewed effort to help forward the Society. You will see in our 'Sea-Bird' in what manner as regards the store, and our new 'Mariners' House' which is now furnished and occupied. We have also employed a lady, a Methodist sister, about forty years of age, to be a missionary visitor among seamen's families, etc. You know what the work is, and what we are trying to do. There appears to be a very unanimous desire on the part of the Board of Managers to advance the interests of the Society.

"It is now believed that the Quarantine property at Staten Island will be disposed of by the next Legislature, and Captain Briggs is still anxious that we should present our claims for 'Sailors' Rights.' He says we must write and tell Mrs. Lambert that she must make her arrangements to return to New York by next fall, and we all earnestly hope the way will be open for your coming home by that time. We still miss you very much.

"You will see by the daily papers that many reforms are contemplated for seamen, and one is begun, stopping the advance pay. In view of the premonitory symptoms we must be ready to help on the good work, and secure the most we can for those we labor to benefit.

"We still need your head and hands to help us plan and execute. Please write me what your prospects are, and how you are at present engaged, and what the hope may be of your being able to leave California by fall.

"I have small hope of being any better by fall, and have thought these three years I must leave the Society. Yet I am as much interested as ever, and I suppose I shall go on till a better one appears to take my place.

"About the time you receive this I presume you will receive a package of the 'Sea-Bird.' I hope we shall be able to make it attractive and useful to seamen, and it will certainly be a good

medium of advertising our store. I would like to tell you much more, but I have been interrupted by calls all day, and shall have to stop for the present.

"If I can, I will resume my pen again. Write soon.

"Yours, with much love,

"M. A. HAWKINS.

"P. S. Our efforts of late have been made with unusual ease and uncommon success. The Lord smiles on our work and encourages our hearts."

"NEW YORK, February 15, 1858.

"DEAR MRS. LAMBERT: I have just finished the last copy for the March number of 'Sea-Bird,' (as I have had to edit it since October,) and will try to answer your letters, the latest received three weeks since.

"I was from home all summer at sundry mineral springs seeking relief from my infirmities, but rather increased them than otherwise. Up to the first of January I scarcely attempted anything but what was an absolute necessity, thus letters from all quarters remained unanswered and yours among the rest. I have been more comfortable since then, as the cold weather increases my strength, after I get accustomed to it, but I suffer at the change of the seasons. I have not borne my weight since a year in November, otherwise I am much as you last saw me. I still interest myself in *both Societies*, and as yet, notwithstanding my short-comings, neither is willing to let me go. At times I have thought I must give up, and have sent in my resignation, but have been persuaded to continue, hoping *time would bring relief*. However, the Lord's time is not yet, 'and as *all things shall work together for good* to them that love him,' I am not dismayed, although sometimes sadly cast down, though in general, I am sustained far beyond what I could ever have believed possible. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

"How different has been your way from what you intended when you left New York. You thought you were turning away from *Society work*, but like Jonah the Lord met you, and you must do his errand ere you are let go, and now, *what wait we for*, but to do *His will*, who has gone before to prepare mansions for us and will come again to receive us unto his glorious *rest?* Oh that we may endure to the end, and receive the plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.'

"Miss C—— told me some little time ago that she had written to you how the business of our Mariners' Family Industrial Society prospered. We expect more than heretofore, as we have two prac-

tical women on the committee. Miss M—— has had the care of the accounts for several years, but has never been able to give time to purchasing. Miss G—— has attended to it the last year, always being at the store twice a week and sometimes more.

"Our missionary seems raised up in the right time for us, and though we have to work and trust for the means to carry on our various efforts, we are not without witness that our Heavenly Father approves.

"What think you of the 'Sea-Bird'? Shall we continue it? It does not pay as yet, there has not been much effort made for subscribers. I am trying to carry out my first idea to make it a word of warning and entreaty to reckless youth, somewhat to take the place of tracts, which they will not read. Tell me frankly, if you think it best to try to continue it. I do hope you will come home before this year closes, we miss you so much.

"A former esteemed fellow-laborer stands still more aloof than formerly, does not like our extra efforts the last year. I cannot but think she will be brought back, for it is strongly my impression that she is folding her talents in a napkin, and the Lord will deal with her as a child, for whom he loves he chastens. Her mother died about the first of January in an apoplectic fit. You recollect Mrs. D. M—— whom we did not fellowship much at first. Well, she has become a humble, devoted Christian and has been very active and useful in the Society the last two years..... That last law you obtained has worked admirably. I don't know that we should have held together till this time but for it.

"I do not think there will be anything done about the sale of the Quarantine property this winter, the Legislature are not doing much this session.

"May our heavenly Father keep and guide you safe home again.

"Yours affectionately,

"M. A. HAWKINS."

CHAPTER IX.

Gathered Fruits.—Lost and Found.—Early Crowned.—The Child of Prayer.—Transformed.—Then and Now.—Acquired Affection.—Faithful Care Rewarded.

"The soul of each poor child a gem,
Plucked from the fiend—Despair,
To sparkle in the diadem,
Thou shalt in glory wear."

In the preceding pages we have glanced at the years of care for the desolate and friendless, so much enlisting the time and efforts of the dear departed. It may be fitting here to insert a brief chapter of "Gathered Fruits," illustrating such cases as gave her special satisfaction when she could labor no more.

In our interviews when the well-doing of any of our rescued flock was named, she felt that she shared "the joy of harvest," but in common with others who had contributed to the same end, was grateful for all agencies and helps, and more than all for the divine blessing, without which no success could have been attained.

From a list of over four thousand names upon our Records, we select the few incidents here narrated, but for local reasons, in most cases, give simply the facts, without names or date.

When the vast company, redeemed through instrumentalities tracing back to answered prayer, inspired by Him whose promise foreshadows the

turning "of the hearts of the fathers to the children," shall be numbered by the recording angel, we trust there will be an exceeding great army to greet her, and with her to swell the volume of praise in the upper temple.

LOST AND FOUND.

Among the first infant protégés received at the Home as candidates for adoption, were two lovely little orphan-girls. The first, less than one year old, was rescued from a den of vice and infamy. The inmates had obtained her clandestinely from a hireling nurse, the purpose of each being ill-gotten gain. To accomplish her rescue and transfer her to a safe abiding-place, was a work of some perplexity and toil.

Never knowing by personal remembrances from what dangers she had been saved, her child-life was sunny and hopeful, shielded from all moral blight in one of the best earthly homes. No parents could have been more tenderly attached to a daughter, no child more filial and affectionate. Educated by the best teachers, mingling in the choicest society from her earliest years, she was ever guarded from all untoward influences.

In early youth she gave her heart to the Saviour, united with his people, and was active in doing good, as opportunity offered.

The stated reports sent us of her well-doing contained no record, that "dying she might wish to blot," and the judicious parental care bestowed seemed to be most fully rewarded.

Her charaeter in early womanhood is thus represented by those who knew her most intimately: "Talented, refined, accomplished, attractive, modest, unassuming, industrious, efficient, truly an ornament to society, she now presides with dignity in her own beautiful home, the honored wife and mother, and wherever she moves exerts an influence for good."

The contrast in what she now is, and what she "might have been," had she been left as found, with those who make merchandise of innocence, needs but a thought to inspire grateful memories.

The second case, a babe of six months, found with another hireling nurse, who had drugged her by night, and tied her to a hard seat by day, till her bony limbs seemed scarce akin to humanity, was removed from the wooden chair by loving hands, transferred to kind maternal arms and genial nurture, in due time became healthy and vigorous, lived to fill a daughter's place up to mature years, making glad the hearts that listened to the monition, "Take this child and train it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages."

Now, saved from moral perils through the slippery paths of youth, she is safely protected in her own loved home by the chosen companion of her life, and able to do for others what has been done for her.

"EARLY CROWNED."

The home of another child of early sorrow was found among the most pitiable class of our tenement population. Intemperance with its retinue of

wrongs had long ruled the household, often making night hideous, and driving mother and children to the street for the protection of the police. At length the besotted father met his death by his own wrong-doing, leaving for his family no provision for their daily bread. B——, the eldest, a little girl of six years, soon after found shelter in the Home, and was transferred thence to the care of an excellent Christian family in an adjoining state.

The mother of B——, though coarse, ignorant, and degraded, claimed from the first the privilege of seeing her child at stated seasons, and from sympathy with the maternal tie, the promise desired was given and duly met.

The little one improved rapidly under faithful nurture, and the contrast between parent and child became more and more marked. A second marriage brought no improvement to the condition of the poor family, and the little girl learned to prize her pleasant mountain-home all the more, after witnessing the filth and squalor to which she too had been allied, had the chasm between her past and present been left unbridged.

Placed in the best schools, she prized and improved her advantages, and took rank with the first among the pupils of her age. Beautiful in person, attractive in manners, modest and unassuming, grateful and obedient, she won the deep affection of her foster-parents, and the love of many friends. Accustomed to cultivated society, carefully trained in the practice of whatsoever things are lovely

and of good report, early led by divine grace to consecrate herself to Him who had loved her and given himself for her, she attained her majority, giving promise of a life of special usefulness.

Her foster-parents, from conscientious motives, had taught her to cherish the memory of her earliest ties, and when of age brought her to the city, as promised, to pay a visit to her relatives. By her request we accompanied her timid steps to the crowded tenement-house, in one of whose narrow, pent-up rooms we found her kindred. An intemperate step-father, with several children of both sexes, from three to fifteen, living by day and lodging by night upon the one floor, the mother struggling for a scanty subsistence by "going out to day's work." No neatness, no conveniences or comforts, but the reverse was apparent, and this was all that could offer a welcome to the dutiful returning daughter of the long ago.

"And now ye've come to stay with us, and help us, have n't ye?" said the delighted mother. "And I've a nice young man a waiting to see ye. I've told him how handsome ye are. Your trunk must come right here to-night, and let the lady go home and send it."

Drawing nearer to our side, she declined tearfully the pressing invitation.

"But, sure, ye'll come back to-night!" urged the mother. "May-be our place looks small, but it holds us all, and we want ye with us, now ye've grown up so nice."

Seeing the dilemma, we gave reasons to the mother why B—— could not remain. When fairly beyond the threshold, the child said with breaking heart, "Please tell me, *what* is my duty?"

"Dear child," we replied, "God in his great mercy has rescued you from this low condition, and fitted you for a higher sphere in life. You can pity and pray for your kindred, and do all in your power for their benefit, but we do not think your Heavenly Father requires you to return to such surroundings."

This counsel seemed to relieve her immediate perplexity, but before leaving the city she went once again to this repulsive spot, gave her testimony to the love of Christ, and pointed them to a better life here, and the necessity of preparing for a home in heaven.

Soon after returning to the bosom of the dear family who had so tenderly reared her, her health began to fail. Earthly hopes seemed shadowed, the flush upon her cheek grew brighter from day to day, medical skill failed to reach the malady, and at length it became apparent that her beautiful character was to be fully developed in other worlds than this.

A few months later the following letter was received from her foster-mother, who has herself since gone to join her in the home of the redeemed.

"It becomes my painful duty to announce the death of our precious charge, who winged her way to the spirit-land on the 7th of this month. I have attempted to write you before, but have found

myself wholly unfitted for the task by long fatigue, and sorrow for the early departure of the loved one. Truly, she has been a soft, pleasant light in our dwelling, in the church, and in the community. Beloved in life and sincerely mourned in death, notwithstanding we all feel that our loss was her eternal gain. . . . She was given to the ladies of the Guardian Society, in the fall of 1848, where I became interested in her, so much so, as to decide to take her home with me, within half an hour after I first saw her. . . . Though modest and retiring, she was remarkably firm in her principles, and had a ready and keen perception and discrimination of right and wrong in matters of conscience, from which no one could induce her to swerve. This was particularly the case after she had covenanted to be the Lord's. . . .

"For some time after the first alarming symptoms in her case, we hoped she might recover; but the hemorrhage returned. The fatal symptoms of consumption took fast hold of her, and she gradually sunk under it, looking it steadily in the face.

"The night of her death I laid myself down upon the sofa; not more than ten minutes had elapsed before the dear one called out in a loud and clear tone of voice, 'Now, now! Come, come!' I sprang to her side, taking her hand and kissing it tenderly, inquired, 'What is it, my child?' She looked up and called upon the name of God, repeating it louder and clearer as if she saw Him of whom she spake. She then exclaimed, with a voice sweet as a heaven-

toned instrument, and with a countenance indescribably radiant and beautiful, 'Blessed Jesus! Precious Saviour! more and more I love Him.' Then she called upon me to pray—to praise Him. I fell upon my knees before her bed, but I could only praise the Lord for what I saw and heard. She joined right in, repeating my words, and adding, 'Glory! glory!'

"Then came the death-struggle; looking up she broke out in a half whisper, 'Angels! angels! angels! angels!' fainter and fainter. One short breath, without a struggle, and all was still.

"We kept her until Wednesday; strange to tell, her features still retained the impress of that heavenly vision. All who saw her exclaimed, 'How beautiful!'

"But we had to take the last look. In the spring we shall plant lilies of the valley on her grave, and soon a suitable monument. Alas, for ourselves, but we mourn not as those without hope.

"C. M. A."

THE CHILD OF PRAYER.—FROM A VISITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

At a late hour of a bitter winter night, a messenger called to ask if two little children of a dying mother could be taken at once to the Home. She had sent the request because their presence increased her suffering, and they were needing the care she could no longer give.

Hastening to the sick-room, we found the mother scarce able to speak, but thankful, as she

said, that we had been sent in answer to her dying prayer. She expressed her wish to commit to us her little girls between one and four years of age, and her felt assurance that her Heavenly Father would hear her prayers for them, and those who should care for them in her stead.

Traces of extreme poverty and want marked her apartments, but the victory of the Christian faith was there, and when the children were placed in our arms, and the last kiss impressed, the bitterness of death was passed.

The youngest, well wrapped, was taken directly to the institution. The other—because of the inclemency of the night, and lack of clothing—to the nearer residence of the visitor. Seeing her chilled condition, and being about to place her in a warm bed as soon as possible, she said, half reprovingly, "But I 'mus' say my p'ayers fust," and suiting the action to the word, knelt quickly, and with folded hands, repeated reverently "Our Father," etc., and waiting asked, "Now p'ease tell me my own p'ayer what my mother tells me." We named sundry childlike petitions, such as occurred to mind, to each of which she responded, "No, not that," and with evident disappointment to herself, the prayer was left unsaid. Afterward when one remarked to her, "Don't you think that lady was kind to take you to her home, when your mother was so sick?" she replied, "Yes, but s'e don't know much, s'e don't know my p'ayers! She tould n't say 'em at all."

After a few weeks our little C—— and D.——

were both placed in Christian homes, fully meeting the largest desires of the departed mother.

A letter of recent date from the foster parent of the elder sister says: "She still goes to school having never lost but a few days in her life. Her deportment is so correct that her father says she was always a natural Christian. She has attended revival meetings this spring, and thinks she has found the Saviour, and I feel that she gives all the evidence I could ask or expect of having passed from death unto life. Her tastes all point heavenward. While she has always prayed, she says she prays differently now from what she ever did before.

"Her last term report marks her average nearly one hundred per cent. She is also doing well in music."

TRANSFORMED.

"It was December, the chill winds were gathering,
The tempest made haste with fearful alarm,
On her pale cheek the cold tear was standing,
Naught that could save a poor child from the storm."

Among the neglected, forlorn little street children, whose wan faces grow old before their time, was one whose sorrow-stricken visage often appealed to the sympathy of a faithful co-worker with Mrs. Hawkins. Week after week the barefooted, bareheaded, half-clad waif was seen upon the same beat, unwashed, uncombed, and hair standing erect as the garden weeds, and yet there was something so winsome about the child, as to make her image haunt the observer.

It was ascertained that the heartless woman with whom she lodged, and who claimed kinship, sent her out thus from her miserable suburban shanty, to beg her daily food.

The appeal, "Please, ma'am, give me a penny," was wrung from her only by extreme hunger, for she was naturally retiring, and loathed the life she could not shun.

Months passed, and the mother-heart that now closely watched her steps, could find no means of rescue. At length, roaming among wild ivy in the outskirts of the city little E—— became so fearfully poisoned, that her unkind care-taker consented to resign her to the better care so often proffered.

The lady whose heart had so long yearned to save the child, took her first to her own house, and by soap, water, and sundry appliances, tried to make her presentable at the Home. But it was almost a hopeless task. The hair would stand its own wild way. The poisonous infection so marring face and arms, made her repulsive to the sight. But she was tenderly nursed, and kept partially secluded from observation for nearly a year, till healing came, and a permanent country home might be solicited with some prospect of success. The child was truly amiable, and even then evinced characteristics promising to reward development.

A most worthy lady, who had adopted other children, proposed to take her on trial. Reports received from time to time were most favorable. At length the pleased guardians requested adoption

instead of apprenticeship papers, saying, "E—— has so won our affections, that we must give her our name, and educate her as our own." Again the report is recorded, "E—— is improving remarkably, is all that we could wish, and a great comfort to us."

Suffice it to say, the years of childhood and youth have rushed on, and E——, an accomplished, beloved, and respected Christian young lady, takes rank with the best and noblest of her sex. From a recent communication from an authentic source, we quote a single paragraph. "Mr. H—— saw E—— a week since, and speaks of her in the highest terms. He says she is a very amiable, cultivated, modest young lady; has rare musical talents, both vocal and instrumental, and has been offered twelve hundred dollars per year to sing in one of the city churches."

"THEN AND NOW."

At an early hour upon a cold rainy morning, our attention was called to three little children, who with their inebriate mother had passed the night beneath the shelter of neighboring door-steps. The mother said "she had no home, and knew not where to go. The father was dead, and better for the bairns if she 'd gone too, for she was no good." Soon the children were sheltered in the Home, and the mother cared for by the "City Fathers."

The little girl, too young to realize the sorrows of her early lot, passed a happy childhood in a kind foster home, where she was trained for the service

of the master, and much endeared to her foster parents by constant well-doing.

Through her school course gratifying reports were frequently received till she had attained her majority, and then we learned that as principal of a Western seminary she was earning golden opinions. From the last written statement received respecting this child of Providence, we quote the following from a letter recently received from a clergyman of the West:

"Through the Christian efforts of your Society, three little children, two girls and a boy, some eighteen years ago, were taken from a scene of sin and poverty, and cared for. One of these, the youngest girl, was adopted by a lady in Illinois, and having been carefully educated, and having become a pure-hearted, devoted Christian, I formed her acquaintance, and chose her to share my labors, in the gospel ministry, a position she fills and adorns. Would God I could compensate your excellent Society for the blessings I enjoy through its instrumentality."

ACQUIRED AFFECTION.

It may be of interest to add here a few items, illustrating the state of feeling so often evinced by foster parents, showing how truly a tie has been implanted, akin to parental love; doubtless formed and nurtured by Him who is turning the hearts of the fathers to the children for his own wise ends.

One who has been a faithful co-laborer for many years thus writes:

"I regret that illness has again delayed my letter, not only my own illness, but the severe affliction of laying away a precious little blessing, lent us three months ago, a blessed grandchild of the 'Home,' its mother, our beloved adopted daughter of twenty-two years ago. It has been so sweet to clasp this little treasure in arms that were never full of 'baby' before, our three children having passed infancy before we saw them. This little darling seemed to supplement, as it were, his mother's life for us and every minute of his short stay blessed us.

"His poor mother is so desolate, for mother-hood had deep root in her nature.

"Our children improve from day to day. J—— is growing manly and principled against the use of all liquors and tobacco. His sister is trying to be a good, useful girl and has been a great comfort. We would not part with them for a 'consideration.' I pity the empty homes where the abundant room is unfilled by bright, young, blundering, sinning, perplexing, recompensing humanity.

"It is work to dig and 'pan out' for the gold, but how much better the labor with the reward than the nothing with it."

At a later period the following was received from the same correspondent:

"Our first beloved, adopted one, has been again bereaved. You may remember her husband, who was with her at the Home two years ago last fall. He sleeps beside the precious babe so deeply mourned by us all.

"Less than one year has made her a childless widow. We are all sorely afflicted. It is good to perceive the refining influence of sorrow, borne with loving submission to our Father's plans, and to see how he strengthens and upholds his 'bruised' ones who trust in Him. . . . .

"We are still happy in our children, and the three grow in love together, as united in one household once more.

"When I think of the comparatively, dry, lonely, barren lives ours would have been without our Home children, I thank God for the gift of the desire to take them, and for the Institution that collected them for us. They have brought us care and labor, but as I recall the amount, it seems no great burden, and has, with its results, enriched our lives a hundred fold. We may not see all we hoped for while training them. Does any parent? but enough home-comfort comes to us through them, to compensate for the work.

"If in the great day of reckoning, foster-parents are permitted to see their adopted ones made more meet for the kingdom of heaven through their efforts, how immeasurably great the reward! Whatever may be the result on earth, we know that He who loves little children will bless even the cup of cold water, bestowed through love of doing his work."

FAITHFUL CARE REWARDED.

The subject of the following sketch, an orphan child of good antecedents, went early to fill a void

in a home sadly bereaved. Filial and sisterly affection made her a sunbeam in the stricken household, and though her life was brief, it answered life's great end. A letter from the excellent foster-mother bears this testimony:

"I write to you in great sorrow. Our Heavenly Father has laid his hand very heavily upon us in taking away our beloved Jessie. The dear child has left us, and our home is very desolate without her. My heart and the hearts of my children are torn almost as they were fifteen years ago, when God took from us our other absent one, to comfort us for whose loss, he sent us the precious little one. From the day she came to us she has been a treasure. I think she has been to us in our love to her, and especially in her love to us, as truly a daughter and sister as she could have been if God had given her to us by birth instead of by adoption.

"She loved her sister very much, and her sister has always been willing to make any sacrifice of her own ease and comfort for Jessie's pleasure and good, but I think the love she bore her brothers was remarkably touching and beautiful. They both returned her love, so that the relation between them was very pleasant.

"Her character has always been very beautiful, and the suffering she has endured the last year and a half seems to us almost to have perfected it. For the last four years she has added the graces of a Christian life to her natural amiability.

"On the first Sunday of last December, she was

laid on her bed by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and for six weeks she could not be moved in the least without great pain, and since that time she has never stood on her feet.

"Last Tuesday she was seized with great pain, which continued till Thursday noon, when it ceased, only to give her time to die. About two o'clock we first knew we must soon lose her, and from that time till fifteen minutes past five, when she fell asleep, she was very quiet and comparatively free from pain. During the whole time she was perfectly herself, although too weak to speak except in brief answers to questions. She seemed very peaceful, expressed love to the Saviour and complete confidence in him, took a most affectionate leave of each of us, and finally breathed away her life in such a beautiful way as to make us almost in love with death. Her brother and sister, who were by her, and who had never before seen death, have both said they had not supposed it possible that a death could be so lovely.

"I have said nothing of the extreme patience with which she endured all her sickness and pain, so that during the whole time not one murmuring word escaped her lips, and we are sure no murmuring or unresigned thought found lodgment in her heart. She has been a constant marvel to us, and to all our friends who have known her. Her physician has repeatedly expressed his wonder and admiration at her endurance. She once said to me that she could not bear her pain except as she thought

of the Saviour, and we know that her patience was not from apathy, but from Christian resignation.

"I would like to tell you many things about her that I cannot write. I wish you and all your associates could know what a comfort she has been to me, and what a companion to her sister and brothers. If all the dear little ones you send out could be to those who take them what she has been to us, you would be conferring quite as great a blessing on the families where they find a home, as on the little ones themselves.

"Very truly your friend,

"B. B. H."

Another writes: "We loved our departed Mary as if she had been our own. We took her when she was little more than two years of age. I wish now that we had one or two more, for in taking this one I feel that we have been doing the Lord's work. She gave good evidence that God had brought her to a knowledge of himself. When she was in health she used to say to me, 'I do love Jesus, and I want to love him more.' Once she said, 'I'm so glad somebody got me who learned me to love Jesus.' When praying people called during her sickness, she always wanted them to pray with her. After a very bad night she said, 'Why don't Jesus come for me? I am not afraid to go with him.'"

Another: "It is now sixteen years since we took a little one from your Home. When I look back to the time when I first saw her, took her on my lap, and into my heart, and told her she might call me

mother, it seems hardly possible so many years have passed, but we have never been sorry she came to us. She has been so affectionate, and seemed to know no difference between us, and own parents. She has now grown into womanhood, is well married and gone from us, is we trust a true Christian, and will make a good wife and mother. If we may but see her in heaven, we shall feel well paid for all our care in her behalf."

Mrs. Hawkins could not but recognize the manifest blessing of God in the constantly recurring tokens of his favor in cases like the foregoing. Grateful emotions were also inspired by the remembrance that, with a few other associates she had been permitted to take the first steps in what has been appropriately termed "a new departure of woman's work." An associated and successful effort to save "the children of the needy." An effort since widely adopted by kindred institutions throughout our entire country.

Her heart still yearned over the many thousands of the innocent and helpless still doomed by the political economist to wear the brand of the pauper, but she lived to see the time when the question had come to have a candid hearing among government officials whether the course illustrated by facts cited in the last few pages, was not far more wise and humane than the common pauper provisions of the past century

CHAPTER X.

Removal to Brooklyn.—Meetings Continued.—Letter.—Visit to the Seaside.—Letter to Mrs. W——.

In July, 1863, the presence of Mrs. Hawkins in the committee-room, is recorded for the last time, and henceforward, when able to meet the ladies, they were invited to her own sick-room.

In the spring of 1869 she removed with her family to Brooklyn, a distance of some five miles from her New York residence. Owing to her physical condition, it seemed a great undertaking to convey her thither, and fears were expressed for the result. The slow journey, with its weariness and pain, was borne with characteristic fortitude. Her arrival had been anticipated with tenderest care, and many little comforts awaited her in this new home that were not to be found in the dwelling she had so long occupied.

Among these she specially prized the outlook from her window into a cultivated garden redolent with flowers and shrubbery skilfully arranged. Her heart was full of praise to the Infinite Giver for his sustaining grace, and for these new mercies, and before her family separated for the night she proposed to her husband that they should be called together, and that their new, pleasant home should be dedicated unitedly, to Him whose kind providence had brought them there to dwell.

Mr. Hawkins then read selections of Scripture, such as she suggested, and after dwelling upon the divine goodness in suitable remarks, with her own voice she led the little group in a prayer of dedication for life or death, such as she might well have offered had she known that both herself and husband would pass from that same room "to the Christian's home in glory."

From the period of this removal to the close of life, the progress of her maladies was slow but perceptible. There came at length the helplessness of infancy—utter inability to lift a hand to brush away a fly, or wipe the falling tear. Still she was dressed by her faithful nurse, the niece to whom allusion has previously been made, at a given hour, and lifted to her chair, where, with books and papers properly placed before her, as desired, she enjoyed her daily reading, kept posted with regard to current events, met her friends always with the same pleasant smile and loving greeting; while in moments of silence and solitude, often to her inner vision,

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stood dressed in living green."

There was no complaining, no restiveness, no impatience. All who called for brief interviews—and they were many—felt it good to be there. Contrasting their own continued blessings with her privations, their own conscious gratitude and love and faith, with what they saw of hers, the heart was made better, and they felt that to have seen her and heard her testimony, was a valued privilege.

The excellent band of ladies connected with the Mariners' Society, met statedly in her rooms, while members of both societies often sought her counsel, and imparted their expressions of sympathy and interest. For the children of a brother's family, much with her, she ever manifested maternal regard. On the occasion of the death of their mother, in the winter of 1873, she writes thus, by proxy:

"My Dear Children: Your letters came yesterday, telling us the end of all our anxieties for the dear departed. She has tried to serve her Lord, and we know was accepted of him for her dear Redeemer's sake. This is the only plea any of us have to present at the mercy-seat: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"There is nothing now that can solace and comfort you but God's own Word, and I trust that you will seek out its blessed promises, and make them your own, by believing them as never before. This is the time to test your trust in God, and know whether the heart rests in him, or is only deceiving itself. May this affliction be sanctified to us all, and work out the peaceful fruits of righteousness. . . . .

"Yours evermore,
"M. A. HAWKINS."

It had been supposed she could never be moved again beyond her home, but to the surprise of all, late in the summer of 1873, at the proposal of her kind brother, Albon P. Man, Esq., she, with her husband, spent some time at Mr. Man's rural resort at Rockaway, being conveyed thither and returned, with less inconvenience and suffering than had been anticipated. This interlude in the monotony of years seemed to afford peculiar enjoyment. The fine ocean view and fresh sea-breeze, savored

of "life from the dead" to the dear invalid, and were pleasant in the review for many days, reminders of the better country, where

> "No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
> Shall reach the peaceful shore."

The effect of this journey was somewhat invigorating, but of no permanent benefit. Days came and went as before, with no decided change. From a letter dictated to an amanuensis, January 8, 1874, we quote a brief extract:

. . . "My dear husband is in better health this winter than for several past seasons, but it is an effort for him to write at evening, after writing all day in the office. I have had more trouble than usual with my head, but at present am better, except that my right limb is more swollen, and at times very painful. We hear from C—— often. . . . Last Sabbath, the first of the year, Rev. Dr. Budington came in at five P. M., with the elders and a number of the church, and administered the sacrament. We had a very solemn and interesting service.

"They brought the beautiful basket of flowers from the church, used for a similar occasion, and it has been a source of pleasure thus far during the week, and is not quite faded yet.

"I am able to read the morning paper nearly every day, by having it turned on the frame before me, and, when not too cold, I am drawn into the parlor at four o'clock, to see the multitude as they go home from business, and also watch for the coming of my husband, with expectant eyes, always glad to see him safe home.

"Our evening diversion is reading, when not interrupted by callers, which is always pleasant. My husband joins me in love to cousin J——, yourself, and family. . . .

"Affectionately yours,

"M. A. HAWKINS.

CHAPTER XI.

Death of Mr. Hawkins.—Premonitions.—Last Days.—Letters of Sympathy.

THE second week in February, Mr. Hawkins was laid aside from active duties by a severe attack of pneumonia. Though very ill, his case was not regarded as immediately dangerous. He sought his couch as usual in the same room with his beloved companion, and though unable to attend to her wants as formerly, he seemed to retain the same solicitude that nothing should be neglected.

On one occasion, after he was supposed too weak to bear his weight, unaided, he suddenly sprang to her side, with the question, "Did you call me, dear? I thought I heard you say Charles." She had not called, but the impression was so vivid, that for the moment, he was forgetful of his own weakness.

When at last his physicians decided that his recovery was beyond hope, the fact was withheld for the time from Mrs. Hawkins. She had watched every symptom, given directions about his medicines, and anxiously anticipated a favorable change in the disease. But as the Sabbath approached she saw with pain the increasing debility, the long intervals of stupor, and more labored breathing, but whether felt or otherwise, she did not indicate her apprehension of the near issue.

With the departing day he ceased to hear the

voice, whose faintest whisper he had so long heeded, and slept in Jesus. Kind friends who watched the last breath so still and peaceful, gave no sign to the dear survivor, but with tender delicacy stood between her and the departed loved one, carefully diverting her attention, till other hands had gently removed the couch with its silent form through folding doors, opened and reclosed so softly as not to attract notice.

Presently she saw the vacant place and the sad truth was apparent.

The blow was sudden and almost stunning, yet she was calm in her grief. "It was better," she said, "that he should go first; I could bear the separation best. It cannot be long. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

Previous to his sickness there were premonitory symptoms that she regarded as indicative that her own departure was at hand, and these symptoms now became more marked. She could retain no nourishment, and during the ensuing week was sustained only by medical prescriptions. Still her mind was clear and peaceful, rejoicing in God her Saviour. She said to a friend, "I feel assured that I am almost home. I have no wish but that the will of the Lord be done." She gave directions about the disposal of sundry gifts, books, keepsakes, etc., and directed that her portrait should be sent to the Home for the Friendless, in token of her love for the institution and its work.

Speaking of the death of her husband she said, "You know that I have always prayed that I might go first. Do not think that my prayer is not answered. Since we parted I have felt that it was best that he should go first. *He* could not have borne the separation; but I do not feel as if we were separated, I shall go to him *so soon*."

Some one having expressed regret that Mr. Hawkins, was unconscious of his approaching end, she said, "Oh, it was best so. It would have been so hard for him to have felt that he was going to leave me. What care he has taken of me! I do not think there has been one night in more than twenty years, that he has not had to get up from once to six times—often more—to wait on me. And he never complained; never said, 'I am tired;' and though I have been such an expense, he never murmured, or said, 'How the money goes.' He would not favor himself, and only a few nights before his death, he was kept awake for some time by his anxiety, lest I was not having all the attention I needed.

"No dying testimony was necessary in his case. His life for more than forty years has borne testimony to his Christian character."

A friend remarked, "He was a living, not a talking Christian." She replied, "That is it. He was a living Christian. He made no noise in the world, but those who knew him know that he was a Christian."

On being congratulated on her calmness—she

said, "Yes, I thank God that he has enabled me to be calm and peaceful. I have always been enabled to submit quietly to the Master's will. I have never had such joyous, exultant experiences as some have, but I have had great peace."

Among her favorite hymns were those commencing:

"Dear Jesus, as Thou wilt,
All shall be well with me."

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend."

"I would not live alway, I ask not to stay."

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame."

But the divine promises, the words of Jesus, as spoken to his disciples, seemed best to meet the heart-want, and these, with the conscious smile of the Lord, were truly "the feast of the soul."

Amid her severest sufferings, there was apparent only the sweetest submission.

The following letters of condolence, with others of like import, were received during the week, and were gratefully appreciated by the sufferer. When scarce able to speak, she twice requested to hear these missives reread, and repeated to herself some of their words of sympathy.

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

"My Dear Mrs. Hawkins: That your husband should be taken and you left longer on earth was not your expectation. But God knows what is best, and he will soon make all plain to us. May your heart be filled with his peace and patience unto the coming of the Lord. Every day brings us nearer to the glory. We can afford to be pilgrims here, with such a home before us.

"I am sorry that the exercises to-morrow are at such an hour, that I cannot come over.

"I shall endeavor to see you in a few days."

"Yours in Jesus,

"HOWARD CROSBY.

"New York, February 23."

"Monday, A. M., February 23.

"My Dear Sister: Glancing over the paper this morning, what was my grief and amazement to see the announcement of your dear husband's death! As I 've been confined to the house by illness for several weeks I had not heard of his indisposition. Personally I feel a beloved and highly esteemed friend has been removed from earth, but oh, blessed confidence, without hearing one word about his last moments, I feel assured that he has 'died the death of the righteous.' I never can forget his love and kindness to me and mine. His name has ever been mentioned with love and respect by all our family. His untiring and cheerful devotion to you in your long years of illness has often been the theme of admiration among us. What an example he has left to us. For you, dear suffering sister, my tears flow in sympathy, and yet I know that the world above will now have new attractions. Oh, blissful thought! of union hereafter, never to end. While nature must and may weep, grace triumphs and rejoices at the thought of our being 'for ever with the Lord.' I feel that my glorified children will bid him welcome to the mansions of bliss. If in my power I would esteem it a privilege to sit beside you to weep and to rejoice, but I dare not risk the exposure. Mr. North has gone to Albany, but I hope he will return in time to pay the last mark of respect to his esteemed departed friend. I hope soon to see some of our sisters from the Home through whom I will hear of your welfare. May 'Our Father in Heaven' comfort and sustain you amid these trying scenes, is the prayer of yours,

"In the fellowship of sorrow,

"E. M. N.

"7 West 129th street, Harlem."

"Montclair, February 28, 1874.

"My Dear Afflicted Sister: My heart has deeply sympathized with you in this sore bereavement. I was almost paralyzed by the intelligence, it came so suddenly and was such a heavy blow, but I felt that the dear Lord would be near to sustain and comfort you. At first, I thought I must go to you at any hazard, but a little reflection showed me how impossible it was, and most fervently did I commit you to the care of 'Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'

"I thought I should hear from you directly by my daughter, but she learned that the physicians had forbidden your seeing company and therefore did not call. I was greatly disappointed as I wished to know particularly about you. A letter from New York to-day relieves my suspense. How glad I am to learn that you are calm and submissive. Oh, my dear sister, there is nothing like being able to say from the heart, 'The will of the Lord be done.' It cannot be long now before we shall all meet the dear departed on the other shore. I was counting over the other day, how many were waiting there to welcome us and really there seem to be more ties there than here.

"'Let not your heart be troubled,' my beloved one. The ways of our loving Lord are often mysterious, but we may rest in faith knowing that all will be made plain by-and-by.

"God grant that you may recover from your present illness so that we may meet once more; but perhaps it may not be his will, and I certainly ought not to wish to detain you an hour from your mansion and your crown.

"We may meet sooner than if permitted to meet on earth. I am so glad Clara is with you.

"F—— and L—— join in love and sympathy for you both, and hope that the promises may be fulfilled to you in all their richness.

"Husband also sends kindest sympathy. It is through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom, but when once we have entered how small will our heaviest trials appear.

"Yours in a blissful hope, may I not say *assurance*,

"M. I. H."

"My Dear Mrs. Hawkins: Afflicted friend, assured of the utter vanity alone of all human sympathy, yet feel that I cannot forbear expressing to you in this new and overwhelming dispensation of Divine Providence, the tender solicitude that would ever bear you in love and sympathy to the right arm of Infinite strength; trusting that as you have been so long borne up above the billows of ceaseless infirmities, suffering and pain, your eye may still behold the same precious Almighty form in love, standing on the topmost height with his own outstretched arm to bear you upward and onward, assuring you that he will never leave you nor forsake you. And doubtless you can say with the Psalmist, 'I am continually with thee, thou hast holden me by my right hand, thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.' Most blessed faith, God's gift, buoying us up above the scenes and trials of earth, so high that we can almost catch a glimpse of the eternal hereafter, the great

white throne, and Him that sitteth thereon—the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, our Saviour and Redeemer, by promise and purchase. And may He who will ever temper the wind to the shorn lamb keep you by the presence of his Spirit the ever-blessed Comforter, is the earnest prayer of your friend and sympathizer,

"M. A."

"New York, February 28, 1874.

"My Dear Afflicted Friend: What can weak, human creatures say to offer any consolation in such a time of trial as this? *All* the sympathy of our hearts is all we can offer, and pray our Heavenly Father to make 'His grace sufficient for you.' To Him only can you look, he will comfort and sustain you, and enable you to say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

"You have the prayers and sympathy of every sister at the Home.

"If I can do anything for you, or in any way comfort you in your great trials, please command me.

"And may God our Heavenly Father bless and sustain you, and when He is done serving Himself with you here on earth, give you an *abundant entrance* in those mansions prepared for you by our Saviour, and where your dear departed one is now waiting for you.

"Oh! the joy of that meeting, no more pain or anxiety, no more sorrow, no more crying, no *more waiting*, but where all tears shall be wiped away, and our redeemed and immortal souls, made pure and white through the blood of the Lamb, shall walk the streets of the New Jerusalem."

"May we all be so happy as to meet you there is the prayer of your loving friend,

"J. H. B.

"73 West 46th street."

"Gone home! gone home! he lingers here no longer
A restless pilgrim, walking painfully,
With homesick longing, daily growing stronger,
And yearning visions of the joys to be.

"Gone home! gone home! his earnest, active spirit,
His very playfulness, his heart of love,
The heavenly mansion now he doth inherit,
Which Christ made ready ere he went above.

"Gone home! gone home! the door through which he vanished
Closed with a jar, and left us here alone;
We stand without, in tears, forlorn and banished,
Longing to follow, where our loved has gone.

"Gone home! gone home! oh, shall I ever reach him,
See him again, and know him for my own?
Will he conduct me to the heavenly teacher,
And bow beside me, low before his throne.

"Gone home! gone home! O human-hearted Saviour,
Give me a balm to soothe my heavy woe;
And if thou wilt, in tender, pitying favor,
Hasten the time when I may rise and go."

CHAPTER XII.

The Closing Scene and its Lessons.—Testimony.—Parting Messages.—Praise.

On Saturday it was supposed she would not survive through the night, but when the Sabbath dawned she revived again, and though death was doing its work, her perceptions were still clear and strong.

She asked to have the curtain raised, and then, for some minutes, gazed earnestly on the outward world. A niece said, "Have you thought that this is uncle's first Sabbath in heaven?" "Yes; and I hope it will be mine," was her answer.

To a friend who sat by her, she said, "I want you to thank Mrs. A—— and Mrs. L——, for all their kindness to me."

As the Angel of Death approached, to a friend who spoke soothingly, she said with great sweetness, "When my husband was taken away I seemed to fall right into the arms of Jesus, and he is bearing me gently and safely through the dark waters."

To one who had been with her much during a serious illness some years before, she said, "Do you remember that summer that I was so sick, and you were here alone with me so much? I have not forgotten it." The reply was, "You taught me many useful things that summer." With apparent surprise she asked, "I did?" and when answered

"Yes; and not only then, but through all our intercouse, I have been learning useful lessons from you," her eye brightened, and she quietly said, "I am so glad." She appeared to have no consciousness that she had been a valuable teacher to all who had been privileged to enjoy her society.

Several nephews and nieces, tenderly beloved, were standing near; she desired them to come around her bed—"*This blessed death-bed*," she once and again called it. Then, addressing them all as her children, she gave in broken accents the most touching farewell words; afterward commended some of them to us by name to be remembered when she was gone.

To a beloved niece who for many years filled almost a daughter's place, she said, "Darling, you will go just as far as you can with me, wont you?" Again: "Clara, dear, dont think of this poor wasted form, to be laid away in Woodlawn as your auntie, for I shall have risen far above it."

She dictated sundry messages to absent loved ones, and after an interval expressed the wish to be left alone with the writer—and now came our last interview this side the river. Near forty years had passed of cordial Christian fellowship, in sorrow and in joy, in a common work. The silent review was made here, close on the verge of heaven. "To grace alone, be the praise," she said, "for anything accomplished; I want you to thank every fellow-helper for me—I love them all. Make special mention of the kindness of the ladies near me here in

Brooklyn. They have left nothing undone. God will reward them."

In a previous conversation she had said, "I am glad we have lived to see the Home work a success. Surely the labor has not been in vain. God has owned and blessed it. To his name alone be all the praise. The poor instruments could have done nothing unaided. My husband was always a great help to me. I have had more reason than you can know to thank the Lord for his constant aid.

"Ask the dear sisters of the Committee and Board for me to hold on, and go forward without ever distrusting, as God gives the means and his providence points the way. Do the work for *him*, and not fear to enlarge as opportunity offers. 'The time is short,' and whatever can be done should not be deferred. 'Pray without ceasing.'" Certain measures were named that seemed to her expedient, and the precept, "Be thou faithful unto death," commended as a daily motto. She alluded now to this conversation and its suggestions, saying, "You know how to say for me what I feel;" but she was too weak to add more.

Her last audible utterance to us was, with lifted eyes and great emphasis, "*Trust in the Lord.*" After the last effort named, she could speak but little. A parting word sent to an impenitent friend was, "Tell him to be a real Christian." When her vision became clouded, she twice referred to the "myriad flies" she seemed to see above her bed, and regret was expressed that they should trouble her.

"No, they do not trouble me; nothing troubles me," she responded. Once she said, half inaudibly,

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

As night approached she ceased to notice outward objects, and declined farther attempts to swallow offered stimulants, and though evidently suffering, soon became partially unconscious, and a few moments after twelve o'clock passed quietly to her eternal rest—the conflict finished and the victory won. Tears fell unbidden, and hearts were deeply moved around the silent form, for human love was tender and strong; but there was joy in her joy, the welling up of grateful thanksgiving that her sufferings were now and for ever exchanged for joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The strong expression of her looks and words through the day to the many who lingered lovingly at her side, might well be given in the language of another,

> "I go to life, and not to death,
> From darkness to life's native sky;
> I go from sickness and from pain
> To health and immortality.
> Let our farewell then be tearless,
> Since I bid farewell to tears;
> Write this day of my departure,
> Festive in your coming years."

"The Advocate and Guardian" of March 15, in an editorial by Mrs. H. E. Brown, thus gives expression to the heart-breathed feeling pervading a wide circle of Christian friends, also the record of the funeral obsequies.

PRAISE.

Not praise of the beloved one just gone from us. We are not called in these lines to the eulogy of a charaeter, as perfect, we believe, as is ever found below, or to a recital of rare and noble qualities. Our departed sister, while living, was beyond the desire, as now she is beyond the reach of human laudation, and, did we attempt it, we feel that words would fall far below the portrayal of excellences we should wish to describe.

But praise to Him whose tender love has been so abundantly displayed in the precious life which has just gone out from us, it is our privilege and duty to offer. . . . .

And we thank and praise our Father for the grace which sustained the dear departed even to the end, and for her blessed release from mortal woe. We joy sincerely in her joy, in her rest, in the immortal health and vigor which now are hers. It would be sinful to mourn for one to whom absence from the body is such a gain, for one who is so richly prepared to sing the song of the redeemed above.

> "Her life-long battle with disease and pain
> And mortal weariness is over now;
> Youth, health, and comeliness return again,
> The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow."

To-day, therefore, our voice is not one of sadness. We sing—we sing of victory, of victory over life and death, and self and sin, victory won through the blood of the Lamb, victory glorious, final and complete. Thanks be to God who has given it through our Lord Jesus Christ. We join her tuneful voice, lifted to-day beyond the veil, and amid tears of tender and sacred emotion sing in unison with her, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

May her precious example never cease to stimulate us to every Christian excellence in character and deed, and while this Society has a mission to fulfil, may her name as its first and long-tried leader, be a watchword of love and fidelity, of self-sacrifice and Christian devotion.

> "Thou God of Love! beneath thy sheltering wing
> We leave our holy dead,
> To rest in hope! From this world's sufferings
> Her soul has fled!
>
> "Oh, when our souls are burdened with the weight
> Of life and all its woes,
> Let us remember her, and calmly wait
> For our life's close!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Obsequies.—Remarks by Dr. Budington and Dr. Cuyler.—Gathering at the Home Chapel.—Remarks by Dr. Tyng and Dr. Crosby.—Interment at Woodlawn.

At half-past nine on the morning of Wednesday, March the 4th, the friends of the deceased gathered for brief services at her residence in Brooklyn. The rooms were filled, her relatives and many personal friends being present, and also the ladies of the Mariners' Family Industrial Society.

Upon the coffin stood several most tasteful floral decorations presented by this Society, conspicuous among which was a large sheaf of wheat filled in with beautiful and fragrant white flowers. This had been presented just a week before, on the day of Mr. Hawkins' funeral. It was placed upon his coffin, and afterward retained by Mrs. Hawkins, and set, by her request, near her bed where she could see it constantly. The sheaf was refilled with fresh flowers for this occasion. Nothing could exceed the beauty and appropriateness of the design in either case, a "shock of corn in his season" being a scriptural symbol of such death.

Drs. Budington and Cuyler, both of them personal friends, conducted the services, which consisted of the reading of Scripture, Acts 9; 32–43, and selections from the 21st and 22d chapters of Revelation. Remarks and prayer followed by Dr. Budington, with remarks by Dr. Cuyler. Two

verses of "Shall we gather at the river?" were sung by the ladies of the Mariners' Family Industrial Society, and the benediction was pronounced.

The remains, followed by the relatives, other friends, and the members of the Association, were then removed to the Home Chapel for further exercises.

Never was our Home Chapel put to a more solemn and impressive use than when it was opened for the last tribute to the earthly remains of our dear friend and sister. The walls were neatly draped in black, and her portrait, giving us the sweet and beautiful face of the years ago, was suspended among its folds in the rear of the platform. Seats were arranged on one side of the speaker's desk for the ladies of the Mariners' Family Industrial Society, of Brooklyn, and on the other for the Home Managers, each society wearing an appropriate badge. The Home children occupied their gallery at the lower end of the Chapel, and the body of the hall was left for the relatives and friends of the deceased. Dr. Crosby, for many years her pastor, and Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the venerable chairman of our Board of Counselors, were invited to conduct the services of the occasion.

At 12 o'clock the funeral cortege arrived from Brooklyn, and the remains of our beloved friend were borne into the chapel. On the very spot where she had so long presided with her gentle dignity and sweetness at the meetings of the society, where, in later years, forgetful of her sufferings,

she had often been brought in her invalid's chair, to lead and join in deliberations of the Board, was now placed the casket which contained the precious wasted form. But we could almost see the liberated spirit hovering above us, clad in immortal vigor, smiling in the serene joy of heaven ; and hear the words which had so many times fallen from her lips, spoken with a new emphasis, "Dear sisters, 'the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.'" It seemed as if a jubilant song should have burst forth from every mouth, a song of triumph and thanksgiving.

A class of children, selected from the large company filling the gallery, began the service with a chant, very softly and sweetly sung.

"Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the rising tear;
It is, that thou art free.

"And thus shall faith's consoling power,
The tears of love restrain
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee back again!

"Triumphant in the closing eye,
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.

"Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine:
Oh, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine."

Dr. Crosby read selections of Scripture, most fitting for the occasion, the twenty-third Psalm, the

narrative of the death and resurrection of Dorcas, and the glowing account of the heavenly multitude who had come up out of great tribulations, and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, as recorded in the fifth of Revelation. Dr. Tyng followed in a fervent prayer which gave expression to the emotions of tenderness and praise which were filling every heart.

Dr. Crosby spoke of the Christian worth and usefulness of the deceased from his point of observation as her pastor, and Dr. Tyng from a long acquaintance in connection with the work of this Society ; and both expressed themselves in terms that to a stranger, might appear extravagant, but to which every one who knew her could cordially respond. It is rarely indeed that human character can bear such words of exalted praise as were pronounced over her, who lay before us in the silence of death, but who, if she could have spoken, would only have repeated her oft-uttered expression, " I am nothing—grace is all."

What a volume has been opened to us, said Dr. Crosby, in her life, of the Lord's reasons for the afflicting of his children. We do not fully comprehend the mystic connection between suffering and glory ; but every trial is a pathway for the ministry of divine love, which has in view our perfection. We can in this light see at least one reason for the long and severe bodily affliction laid upon this child of God. Her sweet patience, and her earnest Christian work, continued to the last under such physi-

cal difficulties, present a beautiful example to us. She has taught us far more than she could have done in the vigor of bodily strength. She has been a preacher of righteousness all these years, not only to us, but to thousands and tens of thousands, who have been reached by her influence, through those more nearly connected with her. Who that has ever known this dear saint of God has not been nerved by her example and words, and helped on to performance of higher duties? The church of God on earth in her death has experienced a loss. We can only pray the head of the church to raise up others to follow on after her to know the Lord.

Dr. Tyng's remarks were equally appropriate and pleasant. After an intimate acquaintance with the departed in connection with this work for twenty-eight years, he was prepared to speak as few could, and his estimation of her pure and noble qualities was expressed in the tenderest manner. He felt that a blessing of uncommon value had been ours in the acquaintance and association with one whose spirit was so like the Master's.

The services were closed with the sweet hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep." After the singing the children passed down the aisle, and each placed a small bouquet of fragrant flowers upon the casket. Beside the rich sheaf of wheat before described, the cross, the basket, and the elegant crown, with which it was already decorated, their gifts seemed small, but they formed a mass of beauty and sweetness above the sleeping body, symbolic of

the love and gratitude heaped upon her memory by hundreds and thousands of the little suffering ones of earth, who have been blessed through her instrumentality.

The remains were interred in Woodlawn Cemetery, beside the newly-made grave of her husband. "Lovely and beautiful in their lives, in death they were not divided." The floral crown, surmounted by a star, the gift of the Home ladies, was placed above the grave, between the two mounds. A few remarks were made at the grave by Rev. S. Angell, who presented one thought concerning the life-work of our sister which had not been before expressed. He alluded to the fact that with Mrs. Hawkins and the few Christian women associated with her, had originated, by a divine prompting, a new departure in Christian work, which is now rapidly spreading throughout the land and the world, namely, that of the prevention of crime and vice, by rescuing and training the children of poverty and neglect.

Then with a brief prayer we bade farewell to the mortal remains of our beloved sister and her esteemed companion, thinking of the words of Jesus, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Hawkins has ever been a faithful friend of the Home, and was endeared to us as the devoted companion of our honored leader, as well as by his own estimable qualities. The following tribute to

his memory from one of our leading journals, represents very truly our own appreciation of his worth:

"Mr. Charles W. Hawkins, who died at his residence, No. 123 Lafayette avenue, last evening, Feb. 22d, was an old-time merchant of New York. Scores of his business associates, of twenty or thirty years since, will remember his kindly and genial greeting, which seemed to carry a blessing with it. Many of the poor and destitute will not soon forget his generous sympathy and assistance. He was too liberal to become rich in this world's goods, but he had an overflowing wealth in the love of those who knew him. A friend gives this rare tribute to his memory: 'I have known him intimately for fifty years; I have seen him under all circumstances—in prosperity and adversity; I never heard him speak an unkind or angry word to any human being, nor speak evil of another, and I never heard his integrity questioned."

His death called forth the unanimous sympathy of the Committee, which was deepened by our attachment to his beloved companion, and our sincere grief in her bereavement; and at a stated meeting, the following resolutions were adopted, and entered upon the minutes;

"*Whereas*, during the past week it has pleased our Heavenly Father, to remove from earth our esteemed friend and brother, Mr. Charles W. Hawkins, long an honored member of our Board of Counselors, and, for near fifty years the devoted companion and efficient helper of one whose name as President of this Society has been as a household word:

"*Resolved*, That we tender to our deeply bereaved, greatly afflicted and long-endeared sister, also to the circle of relatives near and distant, our heartfelt sympathies, with the assurance that our united aspirations ascend that divine support may be given, this sudden bereavement be sanctified, and lead survivors to dwell with new interest on the nearness of the rest that remains.

"*Resolved*, That we remember gratefully the long-continued services of our departed brother in aid of this Institution—also his ever-cheerful, patient, and untiring devotion to one whose remarkable sufferings have been thus greatly mitigated—an example of fidelity worthy to be cherished as a lasting memorial.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing be forwarded to the bereaved family and published in the *Advocate and Guardian*."

On Sunday, March 1st, at midnight, the spirit of our dear sister was released. At the age of sixty-six, after twenty-two years of severe suffering, she entered into the joy of her Lord. Her funeral, at her own request, was announced to take place from the Home Chapel, and the time appointed was Wednesday, March 4th, at 12 o'clock. No place seemed to her so fitting for these services, and it will always be to us a pleasant memory, that, from this spot, so intimately and sacredly associated with her life, she should be borne to the grave.

On Wednesday, March 4th, the regular monthly meeting of Home Managers convened at the usual hour in the committee-room. Mrs. North presided, but being in very feeble health, was unable to perform her customary duty. The meeting was opened with reading and prayer by Mrs. H. E. Brown; and in view of the solemn event of the day, adjourned, after passing the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, we are to look this morning, for the last time, upon the precious remains of one whose countenance for so many years gave light and gladness and inspiration in our weekly gatherings—one who as our President ever commanded our united confidence and love, leading us wisely in counsel, going before us and with us in every good work, and continuing the same even when pain and suffering would have seemed to forbid the effort; one whose example of patient, Christian fortitude has ever borne testimony to the power of sustaining grace; and

"*Whereas*, this Society owes to its first President, Mrs. C. W. Hawkins, a debt of gratitude of no common magnitude,

"*Resolved*, That in token of respect for her memory, and appreciation of her remarkable and earnest life-work, we attend her funeral in a body, wearing the usual badge of mourning, and that our Institution be draped in black for a period of thirty days.

"*Resolved*, That the revered Chairman of our Board of Counselors,

Rev. Dr. Tyng, be requested to deliver a memorial sermon that shall bear testimony to the grace of God as exhibited in the life and death of our beloved sister, as early as due arrangements can be made for this purpose."

The following response to the above request was duly received.

"ST GEORGE'S RECTORY, March 16, 1874.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: I shall be glad to bear a testimony to Mrs. Hawkins' character and excellence, as you desire, when I may be able.

"The gracious Lord be with you all, and in all your blessed work."

"STEPHEN H. TYNG."

IN MEMORIAM.

The memory of the just is blessed. Prov. 10: 7.

THERE is a face within my memory hidden;
And often from that innermost retreat,
Its sweetness, like the sunlight, steals unbidden,
Laden with teachings gathered at her feet.

It tells me of a strange, mysterious power
That can upbuild a soul in life divine,
While yet the body fades each passing hour;
As stars their brightness to the morn resign.

Of sweet content through years of sore privation,
Of meek surrender to another's hand,
Her own denied each loving ministration
Of woman's succor in the household band.

Of patience, peace and gentleness abiding,
Of faith and hope to full assurance grown,
Of joy's deep well-springs in the spirit hiding,
When earth's frail, broken cisterns wide are strown.

O grace divine! such miracle revealing!
I stand and gaze and wonder evermore;
And in my soul's deep sanctuary kneeling,
I pray again as oft I've prayed before.

Come thou to me! Within my bosom dwelling,
Make the same marvel of thy love appear;
The turbulence of this wild nature quelling,
In Christ's own peace dissolving every fear.

So when thy grace hath wrought this earth-born spirit,
Dear Lord, into the image of thine own,
Like her translated, may I too inherit
"The riches of the glory" near thy throne.

H. E. B.

CHAPTER XIV.

Tribute of Respect.

THE following tribute to our departed sister is from the pen of Mrs. D. W. Fish, Secretary of the Mariners' Family Industrial Society, and Mariners' Family Asylum of the port of New York.

"It is with mingled feelings of sadness and joy that we offer a tribute of love to the memory of our late beloved first Directress, who departed this life on Sabbath, March 1, 1874.

"Mrs. Hawkins was not only one of the originators of this Society, but one of the founders of the Mariners' Family Asylum located on Staten Island. She remained our honored President until the time of her decease. She was a lady of rare qualifications, of the finest sensibilities, the largest philanthropy, and the most devoted principles. These led her to seek and befriend those who most needed sympathy and were often overlooked in efforts made for prominent charities. Her sympathies were largely drawn towards seamen, and their destitute families, whose husbands, fathers and sons were out upon the great deep or buried beneath its waves. This Society, formed thirty years since, was the first of its kind known in this country.

"From this effort grew the Home for Aged Women connected with seamen's families, which she saw accomplished after years of labor and sacrifice by herself and others, in public and private effort. When choosing the site for the Mariners' Family Asylum, with a committee of ladies and gentlemen, appointed for that purpose, from the dampness of the ground she added to a severe cold, already contracted in her labors among the poor, which occasioned the disease which resulted in her death, after so many years of intense suffering. She was however able to be present at the laying of the corner-stone, and at the dedication of the Asylum.

"Although a great sufferer she retained her connection with this Institution to the last, and her advice was sought in every emergency. Pain did not impair her cheerfulness, or dim the lustre of her Christian graces. Our confidence in her was entire, and our

love more than words can express. We never visited her but we felt, not only humbled, but edified and made better. Her warm friendship and the free interchange of thought and feeling upon various subjects will ever be held in grateful remembrance. We rejoice in the victory she has won, and that her freed spirit, re-united to that of her beloved husband, is now with the ransomed in glory.

"Memorial services held at the Mariners' Family Asylum, on Staten Island, March 9, 1874, were conducted in a quiet manner, by the Managers. A few friends were present with the aged inmates. The chapel was draped with black, as was also the portrait of the deceased, which was hung back of the pulpit. On the table in front of the pulpit lay the beautiful cross of white lilies, the gift of a friend, and the wreath of white flowers studded with sweet violets and forming the words, 'Our President.'

"The old ladies of the Asylum occupied their accustomed seats on the right, quiet and thoughtful. Mrs. Corning, our esteemed second Directress, presided, and read selections from the Scriptures, with a brief and feeling address. A favorite hymn of Mrs. Hawkins, 'Jesus lover of my soul,' was sung by request of a dear relative present, in which some of the old ladies joined, followed with prayer by one of the Managers. The Secretary then read the Memorial and Resolutions prepared for the occasion, and afterwards published in the New York Evangelist and Advocate and Guardian.

"The hymn, 'In the Christian's home in glory' was afterwards sung, followed by two short addresses and prayer, and the exercises were closed with the doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' As the inmates retired each received a flower from the cross and wreath which had lain on the casket of the loved one. These they reverently took to their rooms, and doubtless when they too shall have passed away these faded flowers may be found among their simple treasures, preserved as a sacred memento of her who had ever been to them a benefactor and friend.

"Very impressive the occasion seemed to us, for we felt that we were in the presence chamber of the blest. A tender and subdued feeling rested upon all. It was as though the presence of the Master pervaded the room. The beautiful likeness of our beloved friend seemed to breathe, as if tremulous with the life-beat of immortality, and the sweet countenance was to us radiant with celestial beauty.

"Beloved one, we enshrine thy precious memory in our hearts! O Christ, we thank thee for her! Impress her graces upon our souls, and bring us to share with her thy glory!"

D. W. F.

NEAR to the throne where seraphs bow,
By faith our eyes may see,
A much-loved form with starry brow,
From pain and sorrow free.

For ever at His blessed side,
Whom we unseen adore;
This thought gives joy, though down life's tide
We see her face no more!

We miss her in that "upper room,"
At the sweet hour of prayer;
We miss her in her own dear home,
We miss her everywhere.

But her immortal spirit still
Seems hovering o'er our way;
And beck'ning with a loving smile,
To realms of endless day.

Praise to the grace that held her hand,
'Mid waters dark and drear;
That led her to the better land,
And banished every fear.

Praise for the glorious victory given,
For faith in Christ to save,
For foretastes of the bliss of heaven,
For triumph o'er the grave.

TESTIMONY FROM FRIENDS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Mrs. R. H. Lambert, now residing in California, for many years associated with Mrs. Hawkins in the Mariners' Family Industrial Society, after hearing of her decease, writes thus to a correspondent:

"I thank you for writing me so much in detail. Everything connected with the last days of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins has a special interest for me. How much I wish I could have been with you, to have shared in caring for them in their last hours. Their work is done, and a noble record they have left behind.

"When I think of those who have passed away from our old

working ranks, I feel sad and lonely. Although far separated from them they were a living tie. I felt that I had their sympathy to aid me in my work here. As the number of dear fellow-helpers diminishes, my affection for those that have gone seems to be transferred to the few that still live. . . . .

"With regard to Mrs. Hawkins, her whole life, so far as known to me, exhibited continued self-sacrifice, and forgetfulness of her own comfort. With her, Christian benevolence meant entire consecration to her Master's service.

"I well remember my first meeting with our dear sister. We had convened in the old Mariners' Church in Roosevelt street, to consider the subject of organizing an Industrial Society, for the benefit of the families of seamen. There was a wide difference of opinion among those present. Many that had worked in an Association just closed, were in favor of using the funds in hand for the suffering poor. Winter was at hand, calls for aid pressing, our experience in Society work limited. We hesitated to commit ourselves to such an undertaking, at a point where there did not seem to be any way of settling the question.

"Our departed friend, Mrs. A. C. Loveland, introduced Mrs. Hawkins to the meeting. I shall never forget with what quiet dignity she came forward to address the meeting.

"She presented the case in a plain practical manner. The effect was like pouring oil upon water. She succeeded in combining the elements, and the Society was organized, and she, who had just come among us a stranger, was unanimously elected the president, an office she continued fo fill until her death.

"To her patient untiring labor, wise and judicious counsel, more than to any other one, the Society is indebted for the good it has accomplished. I had the most implicit confidence in her judgment, and ever sought her approval before moving in any measure proposed.

"When the idea of erecting an Asylum for the aged and infirm mothers and daughters of seamen, was suggested to me, I immediately laid the plan before Mrs. Hawkins. After thinking a few moments, she said, 'We must pray over it. I cannot say anything until I have more light.' We then knelt and laid the case before our Heavenly Father, and continued until we both obtained an evidence that the effort, if undertaken, would prove successful. Little did we then know how our faith would be tried, during years of labor, before the object was fully accomplished. Her faith never faltered, and often sustained me when much discouraged. She

would often say, 'This is the Lord's work and if we do our duty, and trust in his strength. we cannot fail.' A more perfect Christian character I have never seen. . . . . .

"R. H. LAMBERT."

FROM AN EARLY MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY.

"ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA, April 17, 1874.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: The intelligence of the death of our dear friend Mrs. Hawkins, reaches me in my far off home, as a distant knell; and yet there was music in the sound, for it told of a glad soul released from suffering and sorrow, and at rest with God.

"To me in all the long years in which I was associated with Mrs. Hawkins in the work of Moral Reform, in the Home, and in the Mariners' Family Industrial Society, she seemed ever a model of Christian loveliness. She combined in an eminent degree, the wise counsellor, the judicious adviser, and the meek follower of Him who was given as our example, that we might walk in his steps. I have no letters of hers, as our correspondence was limited to matters of business, and consequently letters were not preserved.

"In my present state of greatly impaired health, her example of patient suffering, has often come to me inspiring faith and courage to hold fast my confidence in Him who never failed her, and who having loved his own, I know loves them unto the end.

"She must have drained the bitterest drop from the cup of earthly suffering when her husband was taken from her, he whose life, for so many years, was almost solely given to her care and comfort. What a glad meeting that must have been when so soon at heaven's gate they were reunited. How were all past sorrows forgotten, wiped out for ever in that moment of seraphic joy.

"God make our lives more pure and self-sacrificing through the influence of this dear sister's life; and our death like hers, a 'falling into the arms of Jesus.'

"With loving remembrance of all the dear sisters with whom I have labored and prayed in years past, and whom I hope to meet in the home of the blessed, where Jesus our forerunner has gone,

"I am affectionately,

"C. M. SAXTON."

An intimate associate of Mrs. Hawkins in the Mariners' Family Industrial Society writes:

"DEAR MADAM: I am very glad that you have it in contemplation to publish reminiscences of our dear sister Hawkins.

"Surely a record of her holy and useful life, of her patient submission to sufferings such as fall to the lot of few, and of her triumphant death, cannot fail to benefit those who may read it. You ask for some reminiscences of my intercourse with our departed friend.

"My acquaintance with her has been long and intimate. I first met Mrs. Hawkins in 1847. In 1848, at her urgent request I accepted an official position on the Board of Managers of the Mariners' Family Industrial Society, which brought me into intimate relations with her. My position for several years was one of responsibility, and I felt that I could not have performed its duties, had I not had her constant advice and sympathy.

"I never undertook anything of importance for the Society without consulting with her, and always felt safe when following her advice. Sometimes when I felt that the course which I had pursued did not meet the approval of some of our associates, in that my motives were misjudged, her kind, decided, 'You have done just right, my dear,' quieted all my fears.

"Her approbation always gave me strength, such confidence had I in her judgment. She always seemed to see the bearing of any measure as it were intuitively. If she did not see a thing *clearly* when presented she would say, 'I cannot give an opinion till I have more light' and then she would seek *divine* guidance.

"The last five years it has been my privilege to be much with her under varying circumstances, and sometimes such as were very trying.

"But through every trial her Christian character has shone brighter and brighter.

"Soon after their removal to Brooklyn, Mr. Hawkins was prostrated by a severe illness. She felt much alarmed in regard to him, and sent for me saying, 'I know not what the result of this attack will be. There must be a change soon, for he cannot bear this distress long. I have only *young* people in the house, and felt that I wanted some one of experience to-day.' But though her fears were thus excited in regard to her husband she maintained her usual equanimity, calmly giving directions as to household matters, while it was evident that she felt his suffering keenly. But it pleased the Lord to restore him.

"Soon after this she was herself attacked by a severe sickness,

and for many days she thonght her end was near. Her sufferings were intense, yet she manifested the same submission to, and trust in the Saviour that she had ever done.

"There was no shrinking from death, while there was a willingness to live, and suffer longer if such were the Father's will.

"I think she was the most uuselfish person I ever knew.

"She said to me once, after having, in reply to a direct question, spoken of her sufferings, which were at that time very severe, 'I do not want to tire my friends with a history of my aches and pains. I think it is not pleasant for them to hear, and so, when any one asks how I am, I generally say about so so.'

But while so fearful of annoying others, she was ever ready, with her sympathy and advice, to aid those who were in trouble.

The poor ever found in her a true friend. Said a poor laundress. on being told, 'Mrs. Hawkins is dead,' 'Indade, and is that *good* lady gone? Shure and it's straight to heaven she's gone. But it's the *kind* lady she was. Did n't she call me into her own room one day and ask all about my *roomatiz* and then give me a bottle of medicine for it that cost her two dollars? And I wish I was as sure of going right to heaven as I am that that dear lady has gone there!'

"Similar testimonials are heard from many others. Truly the lament of the poor hath pronounced her eulogy.

"In a character in which all the Christian graces shone so brightly, it is difficult to select any one as prominent.

"Her whole life has been to her friends a lesson of faith in God. Her example was beyond price. Her counsels, wise and precious, are indelibly stamped on the hearts of her friends.

"Her smile was a benediction.

"That all those who shared her labors, and enjoyed her friendship here, may be permltted to meet her again, arrayed in her white robe, and star-decked crown, is the prayer of

"Yours truly,

"M. E. PERRY."

CHAPTER XV.

Detached Sayings and Incidents, etc.

"You find me in the old chair still. Well I shall sit here a little longer, and some day probably drop away while sitting here, and it will not be long. I care not how soon.

"I have often found great comfort in the promise, 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.' If I cannot *do* much for them, my Heavenly Father knows that I think of them, and try to plan for their good."

An intimate associate writes thus: "How often have I gone to Mrs. Hawkins with my heart burdened with our mutual work. After she had listened to what I had to say, she would look up with that beautiful expression peculiar to herself and say, 'Dear sister, you have done all you could; now leave it in the hands of the Lord; it will all be right."

Two years since part of the labor of the Mariners' Family Industrial Society was given up for a season, the out-door poor, that part in which our sister delighted most to labor. I called to see her on the subject, as I knew it would come before the Board at our next meeting. You know how it would trouble her, for the poor and sorrowful were her special care. After hearing me, she said, with tears streaming down her cheeks:

"Sister Corning, the Mariners' Home grew out of the Society, and that was formed for the poor, and can they think of giving up the poor? Oh, if they

could only have stronger faith that God would provide the means. If they do cast off the poor, the Society will not prosper."

Our dear sister has taught me many lessons of faith and trust in our Heavenly Father which will never be forgotten.

After a severe illness, from which she supposed she might not recover, she said:

"I have not that dread of *death* that many have.

"We have a lot in Woodlawn where I shall be laid. It adjoins the *Home lot.* My life work has been among the poor, and it seems proper that I should be laid to rest with them when my work is done.

"I want no parade made at my funeral. There is but one thing that I care anything about with regard to my body. I don't like to think that hired stranger hands will prepare it for burial. I would rather this should be done by those I love, and by those who would do it from love."

(This wish was gratified in accordance with a promise then made.)

"I used to feel that it was wrong to groan, or to weep when in pain. I do not think so now. It is a relief sometimes when suffering severely to groan, and sometimes I indulge in a good cry. I have taxed my nervous system for years to keep back every outward sign of pain, but since I have found the relief of occasional groans I do not try always to restrain them. I do not think it is displeasing to God."

"How long, dear Saviour, oh how long."

"I am here yet. I don't know what I am spared for, but our Father knows, and he does all things well. 'T is sweet to lie passive in his hands."

"Do you think the Saviour requires me to be joyful? I am contented and happy. But I cannot be joyful. I am glad you don't think it is required of me."

On being asked a question relative to something that had perplexed her, she said:

"I have laid it before our Heavenly Father and left it there."

To a friend who had been telling her some of her troubles, saying,

"It seems as if everybody takes advantage of widows," she said:

"My dear, don't you know that God has a special care over widows? Did it never occur to you that there are more promises in the Bible for widows than for any other class of persons?"

To another, "Have you not cast that burden on the Lord? Then *why* are you trying to carry it? Do you not insult the Saviour by so doing? Jesus does not want any help in bearing our burdens, only that we should trust him."

To her niece, "Never meet trouble half-way. It comes fast enough.

"Never cross a bridge till you come to it.

"My child if you want a thing well done, do it yourself. Don't leave it to others."

Referring to her husband's death: "You don't

know, Clara, how thankful I am that it was the still small voice that came for him.

"Never feel lonely, my child, or think that I am far from you when I am gone, for I shall always hover round you, if permitted, and you know it says in God's word, 'Are they not all ministering spirits?'

"Live near the Lord. He will be a better friend to you than I could have been. Accept any field of labor where the voice of duty calls, however self-denying or repulsive.

"Cultivate Christian fellowship with any who have truly the spirit of Christ, without regard to denominational differences. In the two Societies, where I have given so much time and effort, sectarianism has had no place. Names are comparatively *nothing*, the spirit of Christ is *everything*."

At one time after a season of quiet repose, she remarked, "Clara dear, I want you to read to me 'My Sheaves;' some of the stanzas have come to me with such a freshness this morning that I would like to hear them read."

"The time for toil has passed, and night has come
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

"Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain.
Master, behold my sheaves!

"Few, light and worthless, yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

"Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet,
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
Master, behold my sheaves!

"I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility;
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

"So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives,
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves."

At another time narrating an instance where special good had resulted from united labor, Mrs. Hawkins remarked: "This illustrates what I have been dwelling upon lately in my thoughts, that in many cases the Lord employs numerous and varied agencies to complete a work. In regard to this child I was led to do so and so, another did something else, a third carried on the work yet farther, and a fourth brought it to completion. I think it is not often given to one to accomplish the whole of any great thing, but to many to help. One soweth and another reapeth. Our Home work, from the beginning, has been that of many striving together; some planning, others toiling, some giving, and many hidden ones praying. We cannot tell on which part

God has bestowed most abundant honor, but the excellency of the power is all of him.

"And she always desired that all, however humble had been their share in the work, should be recognized; that no single person should arrogate to themselves the glory, to the exclusion of their less noticed fellow-laborers. She often said the silent ones did as much by their silent influence and their prayers as those who made more noise and show in the work.

"When called to do anything for the Lord, never say, 'I can't do it.' Do the best you can, and leave it with him."

A young friend, to whom she was strongly attached, thinking to amuse her, related the circumstances of a fashionable sociable, which she had attended the previous evening.

Mrs. Hawkins listened to the recital, and as the names of some of the party were mentioned and some of the petty rivalries which formed a part of the amusements were described, her eyes filled with tears. When the young lady ceased, she asked in quiet but earnest tones, "Were not those persons professors of religion?"

"Why yes," was the answer; "but we did n't do anything wrong, only had a good time."

"But," she responded, "I can't see how Christians *can* enjoy such things. It does not seem to me a proper way to spend their time."

Some further conversation was had upon the subject, when she said, "Well, you must excuse me

I am no longer young, and such things as you were relating, struck me as inconsistent with a Christian profession, and *I could not help speaking*."

She afterwards said, "—— is a good girl. I do n't know but I offended her by speaking as I did, but it seems to me *so wrong* for *Christians* to spend their time in such amusements that I *had* to speak. Oh, it is so sad to think how many young Christians live in these days.

"My dear sister, you and I have lost nothing by giving up parties, fashionable calls, etc., and the round of claims that engross so much of the time of many of our acquaintance. We have had the truest enjoyment in our chosen field, with all its toils and cares. We have found more real satisfaction in thinking of the known good accomplished, than those do who enjoy only a life of ease and worldy pleasure.

"Many times have I felt thankful to my Heavenly Father, that I early acquired industrious habits, a knowledge and love of domestic duties and cares so that they have never seemed repulsive, but the reverse.

"Mothers will find they greatly err who do not regard the home education of their daughters as of the first importance. Children want love and sympathy, but not undue indulgence. Give them a little 'wholesome neglect,' with useful and pleasant occupation. Cultivate the heart and moral perceptions. Store the mind early with divine truth, and train them not for the world but for Christ.

"God has not given me children, but he has given me much experience in caring for the children of others, and they have seemed quite like my own."

FAITH IN PRAYER.

A lady was introduced to the Mariners' Family Industrial Society to fill a vacancy in the Board of Managers, who was strongly disapproved by many of the ladies because of her associations and worldly surroundings, etc. It was thought she was not a proper person to represent the Society, or to visit its pensioners. Again, she was not a Christian, though of good moral character, and deeply interested in the seamen's cause.

Much to our surprise, and adverse to her usual course, Mrs. Hawkins urged her appointment, and we yielded. She then said to some of us aside, "This lady is *energetic*, and *may* make a useful member. We will make her a subject of prayer." She doubtless had reasons of which we were not aware for this counsel.

Soon after this lady became a Christian, ready to ask earnestly, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" She probably never suspected to whose prayers she was indebted, under God, for his blessings. She remained for a long period an efficient worker, and has now gone to her reward.

In after years when recommending that prayer be offered for any one Mrs. Hawkins would sometimes quote this case as an encouragement.

COUNSELS TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AND BOARD OF THE AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY.

"Seek to fill vacancies in your Board or otherwise only with praying women, those who desire to engage in the work for the love of doing good.

"As far as may be enlist the *young* of mature Christian character, and sound judgment and discretion. Such as are willing to deny themselves, do missionary work at home, and look for their reward hereafter. Here alone in my sick-room I have thought much of this. Many who began with us have gone, and others at longest will soon follow.

"You want earnest workers in the prime of life, coming forward to fill their places. Pray that they may be raised up and divinely sent.

"Be cautious in accepting names offered, till by due inquiry assurance is given that the party recommended has truly the spirit of Christ. Remember each one associated with you, will represent the work for good or for evil.

"About teachers for your eleven schools and other necesary helpers; as the work enlarges you will need more and more great wisdom in making the best possible choice among the many applications.

"In every case you want, primarily, *those that the place wants*, not those that *want*, and may *need* the place, but owing to some radical defect are not well adapted to fill it. You want the *best spirit*, the best *moral*, *mental*, and *Christian ability* that can

be secured. In a matter so responsible it would surely be sinful to sacrifice the greater to the less.

"Judgment, not feeling, should guide in all these decisions. Do *well* what you have in hand, then enlarge, prayerfully, as God gives the means. Do not be afraid to trust *him*. Think of what he has done for us! Ask great things. Expect great things. Suffer the little children to come to him. Bid them to come, all that you can reach."

A long time friend and fellow-laborer, thus expresses, by note to the writer, the feelings of many others who like herself had not the privilege of a last farewell:

"It would have been a comfort to have been present on the day of her funeral but that sweet privilege was denied me, perhaps that I might the more easily imagine her wearing her white robe and starry crown. Certain it is, I see her continually, not as having passed into the grave, but as making one of that blessed company who, having shared her abundant labors on earth, have preceded her to that better land, where 'there is no sorrow, nor any sighing, nor any sin there, nor any dying.' How much I have thought since she was taken up, of the prayer of the Psalmist: 'Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. If *she* is made glad in that proportion, and we cannot doubt it, how past all comprehension must be her joy. . . . .

"I have been reading again many of the precions hymns in the 'Changed Cross,' and oh what a new meaning they have. I wish you would reread 'Through the Flood on Foot,' page 202, also 'Good Night till then.'"

THE LONG GOOD NIGHT.

I journey forth rejoicing,
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly bonds and fears:

Where Christ our Lord shall gather,
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit.
Good night till then!

Go to thy quiet resting,
Poor tenement of clay!
From all thy pain and weakness
I gladly haste away;
But still in faith confiding
To find thee yet again,
All glorious and immortal.
Good night till then!

When thus so sadly weeping,
Beloved ones of my heart?
The Lord is good and gracious,
Though now he bids us part.
Oft have we met in gladness,
And we shall meet again,
All sorrow left behind us.
Good night till then!

I go to see his glory,
Whom we have loved below;
I go, the blessed angels,
The holy saints to know.
Our lovely ones departed,
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us.
Good night till then.

I hear the Saviour calling,
The joyful hour has come:
The angel guards are ready
To guide me to our home,
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit.
Good night till then!

CHAPTER XVI.

Memorials of the Departed from Endeared Friends.

FROM MRS. M. I. HUBBARD.

"So many recollections crowd upon me in regard to our departed sister, that I find it difficult to select those which will be most appropriate for a memorial volume. I will, however, name a few. Mrs. Hawkins was eminently fitted for the position she occupied, as a presiding officer.

"This admirable talent was never more manifest than when under God, in the years 1844 and 1845, she was permitted to pilot our little bark through seas of difficulty which threatened to overwhelm it. Memory recalls with great vividness the tender earnestness of her voice as she would say, 'If this work be of man it will come to naught, but if it be of God, it cannot be overthrown,' and then she would add, 'Dear sisters, let us say little to each other, but much to God.' Her unvarying confidence in our Heavenly Father and entire absorption in his will were very touching. Often when we were in pecuniary straits, she would say, 'Well, if the Lord has anything more for us to do as an Association, he will provide the means, but if he has not, he will find employment for us elsewhere;' and the means always came, sometimes in a most wonderful manner, so that it was apparent to all that it was in direct answer to prayer. Truly, it was a blessing to walk by the side of such

a Christian. I always felt myself a learner in her presence.

"She was fertile in expedients to relieve peculiar cases. Many times when I could see no way to meet the want, she has studied upon the case until just the right thing was suggested to her mind. It was her habit if in her walks of usefulness, she met a woman who seemed in trouble to stop and inquire into her situation, and in almost every instance means of relief were found. Sometimes the parties were young girls, strangers in a great city, who had been lured into the net of the destroyer. Such always awakened her deepest sympathy and she was to them as a guardian angel leading them back to a life of virtue and respectability. I have had several of these objects of her compassion in my family and some now comfortably settled and with large families of children about them have risen up to bless her memory.

"Surely it may be said of her that she delivered the fatherless and those that had none to help them, and the cause that she knew not she searched out. It was on one of these errands of mercy that she took the cold which resulted in such a life of suffering and helplessness. In speaking of the matter, at one time, I asked if the girl for whom she had made the effort was saved. She replied in the affirmative, giving me some particulars which I have forgotten. I remarked, 'So that is some compensation for all you have gone through on her account.' She assented with a sweetly loving look, which seemed

to show that even then her heart went out for the wanderer, and after a little said, 'Yes, oh yes, but how much more has my Saviour suffered for me.' Tears came, which I was privileged to wipe away and in doing so remarked, 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' Her deep emotion prevented utterance, but it was the communion of heart with heart and of both with the dear Lord who notes the tears of his saints.

"At one time her interest was especially excited for a simple-hearted orphan-girl, who had gone in the way of temptation and was in great danger of becoming a prey to the spoiler. With the encouragement of friends, she assumed the guardianship of the girl and wrote to the two young men who were her most particular acquaintances requesting an interview. She desired me to be present. I felt that it was a delicate matter to manage and was glad that it was in her hands and not in mine. The adroitness with which she opened the business and talked the whole thing over with them was truly astonishing and in the result she not only won their respect and confidence leading them to higher aims in life, but introduced the girl to a new circle of acquaintances, through whom she found the Saviour and became eventually the mistress of a happy home where in due time, numerous promising olive-plants gathered about her table.

"I felt it a privilege to consult her upon any knotty question and never did so without light being thrown upon it. I seem to see now her sweet

expression of rest and confidence as she remarked, 'The Lord will take care of that.'

"Although not blessed with children, she had a remarkably happy tact with them. She was often heard to say, 'I have no children, therefore all the children are mine.' Her strong motherly instinct and native good sense taught her how to be companionable and to make them happy without the assumption of authority or a resort to undue fretting. This trait I had ample opportunity to observe, during a close intimacy of nearly a year, while boarding together and occupying adjoining rooms. My own little ones were often left in her charge while I went to meet an appointment at the city-prison or elsewhere which had been made in the expectation that one or the other of us would be able to meet it, and subsequently during her long confinement and in seasons of acute suffering, I never took a child into her presence, that it did not receive kindly notice either in words or loving looks from those beaming tender eyes.

"I remember many precious conversations with her, one in particular when I asked what had led her to this perfectly consecrated life. I cannot give her exact language, but will express her idea as nearly as I can.

"She remarked that before her conversion she had been very gay entering into fashionable amusements with great avidity, but when it pleased God to reveal his Son in her, her views were entirely changed and she began to live for others. The amuse-

ments into which she had entered with such a relish before were nothing to her then. She could not even turn to them for recreation in an hour of weariness. Her new life in Christ so absorbed her being that the relinquishment of worldly pleasures seemed no sacrifice. She gave them up, not from a sense of duty, but because she had lost all relish for them. When the Spirit of the Lord came in, the spirit of the world went out. She did not consider how much of the world she could carry into her new life and keep clear of the upbraidings of conscience, neither did she try to accommodate her conscience to the cravings of a partially sanctified nature, but she walked cheerfully in the narrow way and the result was a character which has shone brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

"To this point in her Christian experience, I would like to call the attention of young Christians whose eyes may fall upon this record. Would they form a character of exquisite symmetry which from beginning to end may reflect honor upon their Lord, let them enter upon his service with a single eye, drinking so deeply of the spirit of the Master that those amusements which even the church is beginning to sanction will have lost all relish, for there never was a truer sentiment than that which the Christian poet thus expresses,

"As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed."

"Great as is the loss which our Association and the church of Christ have sustained by her removal, I cannot but rejoice that her life of discipline is over, and that, as she so sweetly and patiently bore the cross, she is permitted now triumphantly to wear the crown.

"Upon whom shall her mantle fall? May each of us who are left to carry on the work which she so ardently loved, double our diligence that we may accomplish still greater things to the glory of our blessed Redeemer.

"In closing my communication, I will introduce a short extract from one of the loving epistles of the dear departed, bearing date August 14, 1853, in which is a just tribute to her faithful devoted husband, whose entrance to the world of light was only a little in advance of her own.

"They were sojourning for a time where healing waters had been specially recommended as a restorative for the suffering invalid. She writes:

"'If the kindness of friends could restore me, I had been well not only many times since I left New York but many times before. A wise Providence, however, still directs that I possess my soul in patience, abiding his own time to say, "Arise and walk." Yet I can say from many months' experience, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and so has "the wind been tempered," that, at times I almost wonder if this is affliction, seeing that I enjoy such peace of mind and so many blessings all along the way, not the least, that my ever dear kind husband has been

preserved so recently from dangers seen as well as unseen, and now I enjoy his company and unceasing care, daily, hourly. Except for what seemed calamities, this could not have been, but it results for my present comfort and perhaps ultimate recovery. Commit thy way unto the Lord and he shall direct thy steps. The Lord reigneth, let us rejoice in his will, now and evermore. I hear my sisters response Amen and Amen.

"'My general health has improved with the use of these healing waters, and I can help myself somewhat better in walking, but can seldom get out of a chair without assistance. I am riding daily some ten or twelve miles, which keeps me in the open air and gives me exercise so that I rest better nights and am gaining strength slowly. . . . . .

"'What egotists sickness makes us! imagining that what so nearly concerns ourselves interests all our friends also; and now that I have filled more than half of my sheet with number one, permit me to inquire how you have endured the extra labor and fatigue thrown upon you the past summer. . . . I sometimes dream of seeing the sisters in committee; but what is not strange in my state of health you all seem worn out and exhausted, so that some are lying down to rest; and then I wake and think over our labors, joys and cares that are past, and rejoice that I have been privileged to labor so long in the Lord's vineyard; and I never feel any care for the future, because I have long realized that it is emphatically the Lord's work, and he knows who to call into it

and how to carry it on. I only wonder that he has employed one so unfaithful as myself so long and not that he has removed me out of the way.

"'I need not say to you or to many other dear sisters laboring with you, "Work while the day lasts," for I know you are abundant in every good work, according to your strength, yes and above your strength. . . . . .

"'I must close with love and kind remembrances for each and every dear sister with whom I have labored in the Lord. I would love to write each name, but cannot and it is not necessary for they know that I love them all.'"

"August, 1874.

"DEAR SISTER BENNETT: In looking back through the many years of association with the beloved one, who has left us for the blessed home beyond the river, a host of precious recollections crowd upon my mind. I think of many sweet hours spent with our dear departed sister, so indelibly fixed on my memory that they can never be effaced. She seemed to me truly as an elder sister, and in times of perplexity and sorrow I hastened to her side, well knowing that deep and heartfelt sympathy awaited me there.

"Never have I met with one, who had not children of her own, that could enter so fully into the feelings of both mothers and children. Her interest really seemed wonderful to me as from time to time she would make such minute inquiries in reference to my little ones. She seemed so perfectly competent to advise, that it became a habit with me, when about to make any change with my children, as to school or employment, to seek her counsel in so doing.

"Beside the cradle of my dying infant, did she sit at my side, and when the little body lay quiet in death, how tenderly did she say, 'Go and rest, and I will prepare the dear one for the grave.'

"A few years previous to the removal of our dear sister to Brooklyn, I felt it best to refrain from talking much of Home matters with her, as it seemed at times to be more than she could bear. After her becoming settled in her new home, she again manifested a strong desire to know all about the Home-work, and from that time until her death, it was pleasant to spend a day with her as often as

practicable for the purpose of giving all the information she desired. She was always much gratified in listening to the reports of Home children visited. She inquired of me at one time concerning a Home girl, in whom we had both felt specially interested.

"I said, 'She has been married sometime, and has an infant a few weeks old.' She replied, 'Now let me tell you what you must do. M—— has no mother nor friend to advise her. Go and spend a day with her, and teach her how to care for her babe. You have had so much to do with infants, I think you could help her very much.' This request was soon met, it was so pleasant to do her bidding.

"There was a single time, however, well remembered, when the heart rebelled. There was to be a semi-annual meeting in Madison, New York, and at that time those attending the meeting, left in the evening boat on Monday expecting to be absent until Saturday A. M. I went to Mrs. Hawkins early on Monday morning to ask if there was anything I could attend to in the absence of the committee, as most of them would be away for the week.

"She thought for a moment, then said, 'I want you to go home, prepare yourself and baby to go with us to-night, to attend the meeting.' I expostulated, but she insisted, saying 'I want you to go. I want to have all denominations represented, and your presence in our delegation is necessary to that end.' We went together, had an interesting meeting, and I was not sorry for having followed her better judgment.

"It would be vain to attempt to repeat the words of comfort and encouragement that have fallen from her lips. A few days after the death of her dear husband, I hastened to her knowing that her time on earth was short. I feared almost to enter her presence after this great sorrow had fallen upon her. But my fears were all dispelled when looking upon her sweet face I saw that all was well. I sat down by her bedside to spend the last hour with her in the flesh. It was a solemn but joyful time. Oh, the beauty of that firm, abiding faith in Jesus. How it shone in her countenance. The last kiss was given, the last good-by spoken, knowing full well that our intercourse on earth was ended, and that our next meeting would be

"'In that home beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the glad for ever,
Sorrow ne'er can fill the soul.'

"J. C. A."

FROM MRS. M. O. WARD, AN EARLY FRIEND AND FELLOW-HELPER.

"DEAR SISTER BENNETT: I was so glad to be with you at your late Annual meeting, as you gathered up the labors of the past and rehearsed them.

"The varied testimonies given of our dear sister Hawkins was like a sweet echo in my heart and reminded me of Gideon with his little band. God made of him what grace did for her. Taking her up in her individuality, and with a message and a promise, sending her forth with her pitcher and lamp, with the assurance that the barley cake should tumble into the host and discomfit them.

"'Have I not commanded thee
I will be with thee?'

"How often when the 'If the Lord be with us we will go' was the word, did her appropriating faith recall that *if* with the renewed promise, 'Surely I will be with thee.'

"As I reviewed the past and thought how God honored that faith, which looking above conditions and circumstances led out the little band long years ago in confidence and self-surrender to strike at the root of an evil for which even good men felt there could be no effectual prevention or remedy, and then listened to the reports of the day, it was only to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'

"He did not need the thousands who were fearful and afraid, neither those who for refreshment rested comfortably on their knees, but the few, who in energy of spirit put their hand to the mouth and lapped the water as they pressed on their way.

"These chosen few were wont to come together around their Redeemer's feet to renew their vows and supplicate for wisdom to devise, and patience and courage to execute, and strength to endure, until the contest should be ended, and the reign of peace and purity extend over the whole earth. It was at such times our sister would say, 'There is nothing we so much need as prayer. Let us pray, sisters;' and there would then be exhibitions of the love and power of God, which through grace would lead us to desire to consecrate our whole life with all our powers to his service. We were prepared at such times to adopt resolutions calling for entire consecration, praying and believing that every faculty of our being would be brought fully under the influence of the constraining love of Jesus; and that as women professing godliness we would set an example of Christian simplicity in all things; furthering the cause of temperance and industry worthy the imitation of the young; and that God in answer to such desire in faith and confidence would make us helpers

with him in his cause, and give us as our place of defence, the munitions of rocks.

"At these gatherings our sister would with great simplicity of faith, with her pitcher all broken, scatter the beautiful light of her clear well-filled lamp which shone through and through her, all her countenance lit up with heavenly grace. 'It was not by might nor by power,' but simple confidence in God, that gave her the commanding influence she wielded over our hearts and minds; answering the very resolutions she so often gave out for discussion.

"Prayer was the essential element of her life, bringing her into such close intimacy and fellowship with her Father that the very life and countenance partook of heavenly associations.

"When far away from home we received notice that our sister had fallen asleep in Jesus. Blessed sleep after so many years of suffering!

"My last interview with her was very precious. Her trust was strong in the Lord that he was doing just the best thing for her and only working out in her the peaceable fruits of righteousness the better to prepare her for himself.

"I thought, not so much for yourself, dear sister, as that this breastplate you have been wearing, this practical life of holiness you have been bearing for others, has not yet accomplished the service God designs. In years gone by, I needed no better reproof than to contemplate her life. I well remember when she was called to take upon herself the responsibilities of a large household; in speaking to her of the care and worriment a family of children with servants brought, she said:

"'My dear, when, as is often the case, my cares distract, and nerves grow weak, I drop all, leave all, run away for a little while; visit some poor family, listen to their wants, sympathize in their sorrows and go home refreshed in body and spirit prepared for any emergency. Try it, and see if the remedy is not a good one.'

"She was beautiful in her simplicity. Her manner was simple, her prayers were uttered in simplicity, and in her dress she needed not the braided hair or gold or pearls or costly array, for her adornment; since she was the 'King's daughter all glorious within, her clothing of wrought gold and her raiment of needle-work.'

"It is our prayer from day to day that this confidence in God, this self-abnegation, this unanswering devotedness of heart and mind may be ours, that God her Father and our Father may still use us among the band of sisterhood who are so nobly answering to the call, 'The harvest is white, put ye in the sickle.'

"The day is far spent the night is at hand, we will rejoice and be glad for all the past, and for the joyful hopes of the future.

"Bunyan says, 'That poor dust and ashes should be in the favor, in the heart, and wrapped up in the compassion of such a God; oh, amazing, oh, astonishing consideration. And yet this God is our God for ever and ever.'

"Our heart responds Amen.

"Yours in love,
"M. O. W."

LETTER FROM REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

"BROOKLYN, June 12, 1874.

"DEAR FRIEND: I cannot now recall as desired, the brief impromptu address which I delivered at the service held in Mrs. Hawkins' house on the day of her funeral. All I aimed at was just to tell that group of bereaved friends how deeply I revered the precious memory of that child of Jesus, whose silent form lay before us. I had long known her as one of the best women and best workers in all New York.

"She came nearer up to Isabella Graham than any Christian philanthropist of her sex that I have met. There was no fuss or fume about the quiet resolute work she did for God's poor suffering ones. Nor was there any trace of *cant* in her cheerful godliness. She was strict without being stern. She stood for good old Puritan morality; yet never dropped one gill of bigotry into the sweet clear jar of her benevolence.

"For several years, from 1852 to 1860, I was permitted to see much of her at the 'Home' and I delivered three or four of the annual addresses for the 'American Female Guardian Society.' Mrs. Hawkins was the embodiment of the Society; the very sight of her recalled the 'Home for the Friendless,' as much as the sight of Gough recalls temperance, or that of Garrison recalls anti-slavery.

"Her talent was the talent of keeping at Christ's work; it was the gift of continuity in well-doing. Some Christians evaporate their religion in sentimental talk about high attainments in holiness. Mrs. Hawkins' idea of piety was too humble, too earnest, too practical for any such volatile emotionalism. She communed much with Jesus, and went from her knees to her post of toil; we need not wonder that her sheaf grew large before she carried it home to glory.

"A little while before her death I spent a sweet hallowed hour with her; when we broke together the bread, and drank together of that cup which set forth Jesus' dying love to his disciples. She now partakes of that fruit of the vine at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Her suffering limbs, so long tortured by disease, are at rest. Her joy is full. She has been welcomed by more than one whom she befriended, up in yonder home of the ransomed. Mrs. Hawkins will be no stranger in heaven. So many are there who once knew and loved her, that she must have had warm welcome in the household of the shining ones.

"Accept these few words from the heart of yours,

"T. L. CUYLER."

CHAPTER XVII.

Commemorative Discourse.

At the Fortieth Anniversary of the American Female Guardian Society, held May 10, 1874, the following Commemorative Discourse was delivered by Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., and is inserted here by the kind permission of the esteemed author:

"The King's daughter is all glorious within: Her clothing is of wrought gold." Psalm 45:13.

I wish to speak of the comprehensive excellence and beauty of Female Christian Character, and upon the present occasion, in connection with a special personal illustration.

I do not know that I shall be expected to vindicate this appropriation of the attractive words of holy Scripture which I have here selected. They are rightly, habitually interpreted, as a corporate description of the whole accepted Christian church as it stands in relation to its divine Redeemer, acknowledged, welcomed, and glorified in him. In this view, there is neither male nor female, in person, attributes, or character, to be selected or regarded. All are one in Christ Jesus; and the church of the living God, given to the Son—ransomed by his blood, cleansed from guilt in his sacrifice, justified in his perfect obedience, renewed by his Spirit in his own image, guided by his power through grace to glory, heirs together of eternal life, crowned

with the everlasting fulness of his own exalted triumph—is the QUEEN who standeth at his right hand in gold of Ophir, in whose acknowledged beauty the KING delights, and whose unchanging, loving worship is offered unto him.

But we are never to forget that this redeemed church is no fountain of holiness or life, in any corporate character of its own, however received. It is holy, because its members are individually holy. Their concrete personal excellence, the separate divine gift to each and to each apart, constitutes the exaltation of character, which is thus made to distinguish all, because it belongs to each. That which marks and honors the whole combined, was first, the gracious gift, which distinguished each apart. They stand as *individuals*, separate and alone, each shining with the brightness and beauty of a disjunctive excellence entirely peculiar. They stand as *together* the acknowledged Bride of the Lamb, "Looking forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun;" one army of the LORD, whose banner over them is everlasting love. They are the household of God. They are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

We may, therefore, as to all, as one, so to each, as many, apply the language of the Holy Spirit which I have here selected: "The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King, in raiment of needle-work; the virgins her companions that follow her, shall be brought unto thee; with

gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the King's palace."

There are still comparisons, distinctions, which may justly be observed among these accepted daughters of the Lord Almighty. It may be said of some of them, personally, "Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all." While of them *all* it *must* be said, "Favor is deceitful; beauty is vain; but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Their real distinction is not in things of earth or outward aspect, but in the reality of their divine relations, and in the sincerity and completeness of their consecration to Him who hath bought them for himself, and united them to himself, in an everlasting covenant never to be forgotten. Of this exalted aspect of *female relations, character,* and *results,* as presented to us in this beautiful description, I wish to speak. "The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold."

I. There is but one Being in the universe, who in the Christian faith is *received,* and in the great scheme of divine redemption is *proclaimed,* as "THE KING," the Ruler over the ransomed people of God. Of him it is said, "Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." By him, of him, God hath spoken to us, who is the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, when he bringeth his first-begotten into the world. "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, and a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom." "He is

the head of his body the church." "In all things he hath the pre-eminence. For it hath pleased the Father, that in him shall all fulness dwell."

This exaltation, power, royalty of Jesus, a divine, incarnate Saviour, God manifest in the flesh, is the universal acknowledgment of faith, and the grand foundation of hope for the whole Christian church. Life in him, love for him, submission to him, trust upon him, redemption by him, living consecration to him, affectionate, faithful service with him, make up the whole Christian relation and character in all its aspects and influences. We are in *reality* what we are to Christ; not the mere *holders* of a *theory*, however accurate, but the *living members*, disciples, friends, of a *living Saviour*, personally accepted, intensely loved, and for whom all other relationships are willingly sacrificed and forgotten.

In such a view of his excellence, and of the personal relations of his loving people to himself, how precious is the title of "The King's daughter." No intelligent reader of the gospel histories can fail to be impressed with the Saviour's chosen intimate relations to the female sex. The pertinent instances of these illustrations are constantly occurring. Who can forget his filial subjection to his mother, his dignified defence and protection of the weeping woman at the feast in Capernaum; his clear and patient instruction of the woman of Samaria at the well; his sweet, reassuring utterance, "Daughter be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole," to her who pressed forward amid the multitude to

touch the hem of his garment; his majestic, practical consolation to the hopeless widow of Nain; his refined social intercourse with the household of Bethany; his effective friendship and relief at the grave, to the sisters of Lazarus; his firm maintenance of the woman's right and duty, who poured her precious ointment on his head when seated at the supper of Simon; his thoroughly unselfish acknowledgment of the fidelity of the daughters of Jerusalem on his way to the cross; his tranquil, undying love in the last hour of mortal life for the mother, whom he still owned, and still truly desired to protect: "Woman, behold thy son," and to the loved disciple, "Behold thy mother;" his cheerful, awakening call to Mary, in the early morning of his resurrection—all these peculiar facts, characteristic of the Saviour's sojourn upon the earth, are not merely casually, incidentally, so particularly recorded. They are inseparable attributes of the person, the life, the history with which they are thus connected. And they are designed to assure to the female sex, under this living, exalting, spiritual dominion of Christian love, Christian influence, Christian acknowledgment, a reverence, a confidence, an importance, an official work and station in human society, and human regeneration, which woman was never before allowed to have on earth. Far removed, far above, far beyond any mere trifling flattery in the social language of men, or any effective ridicule of what may be heartlessly stigmatized as "Woman's Rights," it cannot be denied or forgot-

ten, that under the dispensation of the gospel of Jesus, redeemed woman stands and lives and governs, where woman never stood, in just and sober estimate before. And apostles in all the churches of the saints may recall *their* faithful Lydia, their beloved Persis, their Phœbe, the successor of Mary, their Mary, Tryphena, Tryphosa, unfailing in "labor;" their mother of Rufus, as a mother also to them; their Lois and Eunice, the domestic patterns of faith unfeigned, as types and monuments of "the daughters of the King," in the generations which they have served, and among the souls to whom they have ministered the glorious gospel of the blessed God committed to their trust.

Such was the faithful woman of whom I am here to speak. She was among us, truly, as "the daughter of the King." For near thirty years have I known her, in frequent, occasional, personal, as well as official relation. There was always, really that about her, in manner, in principle, in method of action, in personal, relative influence, which truly vindicated for her this distinguished title, "the daughter of the King." The circumstances which attended some of the early labors of the Society of which she was made President were very trying and peculiar. I was invited to be the Chairman of the first meeting held by its Board of Advisers, previous to the erection of the Home for the Friendless, and from that day have been connected with its operations and results, as the Chairman of its Board of Counsellors.

The moderation and dignity which have distinguished the presiding woman, of whom I now speak, were very remarkable. With all the earnestness of deep affection and interest for the success of the important work over which she presided, there was a degree of gentleness and suavity, of unaffected kindness and good nature, united with unusual wisdom and practical consideration, which gave a peculiar value to her services, and a very effective charm to her personal association and deportment. She appeared to have none of that official impatience, and hardness of interpretation, which the constant wearing of applications, from the poor and the idle, is so apt to produce; a familiarity with sorrow and want, which almost seems inevitably to promote a degree of indifference to it. She was always, even in the midst of prolonged and excessive suffering, patient, loving, and kind. Her cheerful interest in the welfare of others never forsook her. Her forbearance and sympathy with suffering, and its unceasing applications, seemed never to be exhausted or to give way to a single expression of fretfulness or disturbance. And through all these years of complicated personal and official trial among us, she truly vindicated her Christian fidelity to the cause, and the Saviour whom she loved, and justly claimed among us the exalted title which we have here before us. Whether we consider the reality of her personal union with this divine Saviour, to whom she had truly consecrated herself, or her gentle, dignified, and upright fulfilment of her per-

sonal offices for him, we cannot hesitate to acknowledge, and to claim especially for her, this honorable designation, "The King's daughter." And we proceed to speak of the peculiar description of personal character and attributes with which the title is here connected, as equally appropriate to her. "The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold." It is the *beauty* of the *inward spiritual mind*, and the undoubted *excellence* of the *external manifestation*, in the open life and character, and it is the affirmation of them both, as they *appear* in the judgment *of God*, and in the light of the Saviour's presence and example. "She shall be brought before the King in raiment of needlework."

II. In all the *general elements* of a true spiritual character—the work and fruit of the Holy Spirit of God—we must certainly say with St. Paul, "There is neither male nor female. All are one in Christ Jesus." And yet nothing is more remarkable in personal Christian history, than the variety of development of this spiritual life on these two sides of individual manifestation. An advanced spiritual history presents, under the same discriminate *class* of Christian fruits, very distinct results in the experience, and the effort, of these two sexes, in the church of God. And it is to the Lord's *glory*, and greatly to the advantage and the honor of his *church*, that there are *abundant fields* for the exercise of the highest peculiar gifts, the most discriminate personal labors, the brightest and loveliest illustrations

of divinely instructed intellect, and the separate walk and influence, prepared for female responsibility, and for the woman's mission in the household of God's redeemed. The glowing description before us has an eminently appropriate, and not an overstrained application, to the truly Christian woman of whom I now speak, as thus actively and effectively employed.

It is the perfect *beauty* of an inward *spiritual* life. She "is all glorious within." The native powers are consecrated to God. The affections, the judgment, and the conscience, are made the dwelling-place of a loving, pardoning Saviour. The motives, the schemes, the labors of practical life, are guided, sustained, and taught, by the power of the Holy Ghost. The woman accepted, beloved, adopted as the daughter, the sister, the mother, the spouse of an all-glorified Redeemer, becomes, with peculiar earnestness and energy, a living sacrifice to him; a temple in which he dwells with special affinity and delight, and an agent and an instrument whom he employs with the most delicate appropriation and the most satisfying success. In the life of such a woman there is a holiness, a wisdom, a purity, a faithfulness, an attraction, an adaptation, most distinguishing in the peculiar attributes of her sex. As a woman of prayer, of peacefulness, of tenderness, of delicate watchfulness, of skill and tact, in relative effort, of patience and long-suffering, of cheerful self-denial, and persistent determination, "she is all glorious within." Her appointed field

of duty may be large or local; her providential opportunities may be entirely various and widely differing; her appointments may be active or passive, in divine selection and in extreme degrees. But everywhere this *spiritual beauty* of the inward life comes out. She demonstrates herself "the daughter of the King, all glorious within." It may be Nightingale writing a perennial history upon the waters of the Bosphorus. It may be Hamlin lighting her valley in the groves of Rhodes. It may be Judson shining as a heavenly pattern to the wandering, loving ones of Burmah. It may be Jones illuminating with divine benignity the Poorhouse of Liverpool. It may be Hill giving her half-century of new-creating influence and sanctifying example to the neglected daughters of Greece. Or it may be our beloved Hawkins, still from her couch of unceasing pain, counselling, encouraging, comforting her associate laborers for the poor, the outcast, the friendless ones of all comprehensive New York, in the midst and through the trials and sufferings of over twenty years' patient, painful confinement. But it is everywhere the same generic manifestation. The inward mind which Jesus gave, ministering to the outward needs and sorrows, for which Jesus by his own Spirit has commissioned it. And the beauty, the perfection of the inward character and gift shine forth, in all the demonstrations of relative usefulness, active beneficence, invigorating sympathy, intelligent consideration, and self-denying and self-forgetting endurance for Jesus' sake, displaying to

all a divine impression of which the possessor is still so unconscious. "The King's daughter is all glorious within."

I by no means undervalue the moral advantages and attractions of other qualifications or attainments of the privileged woman. I confess the value and claim of an intellect enlarged by study, and fruitful in instruction. I acknowledge the worth of social rank, and the grace of an exterior refinement, and popularity of manner and association. I am by no means blind to the attractions of personal beauty, dignity, delicacy, in individual aspect and native bestowal. But I now refer to none of these as the discriminating characteristic of which I speak. Or, if you please, I refer to them all, in a filial, grateful *consecration* of them to the glory of Him who has bestowed them all. They are the privileges of few. I speak of that spiritual beauty, "all glorious within," which is within the reach of all who desire its possession, and is really the property of all who truly love and honor the divine Saviour, of whom it is the image and the gift. I wish to designate the glory of a life of inward holiness, of personal, habitual communion with a loving Redeemer, of unselfish devotion to the welfare and happiness of those for whom he died, of benevolent feeling, and beneficent activity and display, which becomes spontaneous in action, and asks no reward but the privilege and freedom of its exercise, and which glows in a life, little lower than the angels in

elevation, and far deeper than theirs can be in motive and grateful impulse.

The excellent woman to whom I now personally refer, was in reality a fair illustration of much that was adorning and attractive, in social and personal relation and aspect. But she had received grace to bring these all in a grateful dedication to the honor of a beneficent Saviour, in her own personal devotion to his service, and living faith in his fulness and power. All her gifts of nature and society she gratefully employed, in the most constant benevolence and disinterested effort towards the homeless, friendless, wandering children of sorrow and poverty, deserted and whirled around in this ever-driving stream of business, of selfishness, and of self-concentration, which so heaps up our great metropolis of trade.

The "fruits of the Spirit," "all glorious within," she laid upon the altar of Christian love. Certainly, not all can give what she possessed. But who cannot walk in her steps, and in their measure of ability mind the same thing? Her character and course were so valuable, because they were so imitable. Her gentleness, her suavity, her long-suffering, her generous consideration, her fixed and unshrinking purpose, through all her years of suffering, occupying even the thoughts and plans of her dying hour, were so precious as a pattern, because they were so accessible. They were not the exclusion of the high-walled garden of the rich, cultivated by science and maintained by wealth, which few only

could possess, however beautiful and attractive. They were the open, cleanly, verdant slopes and shadows of the unfenced grove, where all might breathe alike the fragrance of the sunlight and the shade, the flower and the shrub, who had the desire to enjoy the beauty, and the taste to seek, the attractions which the Creator's hand has widely spread for all. She had given herself to Christ. She desired to live for Christ. This life of earth was her grateful offering to Christ; and she lived it by the faith of the Son of God; demonstrated and acknowledged among all, as sincere and without offence. "The King's daughter, all glorious within."

III. But added to this distinguished relation, and this inward spiritual character, we have here, also, the outward, acceptable manifestation, "Her clothing is of wrought gold."

There is a very significant distinctness in this expression. In all ages, among all people, gold has been the measure of earthly worth, the type of undoubted reality, and the symbol of acknowledged goodness and beauty. It has been the one material thing always prized, always delighted in, and in all its relations maintaining unchallenged its pristine and inseparable superiority.

It is beautiful when gathered in the shining flake, polished by the shower and the sand. It is beautiful when wrought by a natural moulding influence into the crystallized nugget, or gathered in its glittering particles of scattered dust. But what an increase of value does the skilled labor of the

human hand add to its utmost native worth, when chased into the delicacy of almost imperceptible variety of surface, or wrought into the embroidery of the robe of royalty, or set as the proud nest of the queenly diamond. And this is the illustration here, "Her clothing is of *wrought* gold."

It is an outward manifestation, which is unparalleled on *earth*. Such is declared to be the real character and result of a soul redeemed by the precious blood of the Son of God, adopted into the Sonship of a reconciled Father, new created after the divine image of the Son, by the Holy Spirit of God, renewed in holiness, after the image of Him who created it, alive to God in Christ, alive in Christ for ever, a spectacle to angels and to men, adorned with the beauties of holiness, shining as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

It is a marked description of unparalleled human character. And is not this unparalleled in the moral history of man? The intellect of living Christianity is a grand and exalted exhibition of man, but excelling only in degree. The philosophy and the scientific art of antiquity, command and receive the admiration of all succeeding ages, and in some facts remain unrivalled among men. But the heart-searching morality of the gospel, the high spiritual patterns of divine revelation, the exalted, self-sacrificing principles of human duty, as thus propounded, the elevated, pure, and sublime examples of living beneficence and holiness there portrayed and

described, the living character of Jesus wrought into all the unsullied perfection and cheering usefulness of his own walk on earth, manifested in the sublime glory of his willing death, his pardoning love, his majestic tenderness and pity, his faithfulness in that which was least, and that which was much, and carried out in the spirit and life of his faithful servants and disciples—these are without a parallel in human history. They are gold in their reality, and they are wrought gold in their perfection. The work of the Holy Spirit within is the power of their living nature. The fruits of the Spirit without are the results of this divine workmanship, in the appreciable, practicable exhibition of its influence and its worth.

Where, but under the gospel of Jesus, have human lives, with all their coveted attainments, been entirely consecrated to the great calls of benevolence to man, to the most self-sacrificing missions of the educated and the talented, to raise the savage from his thraldom, to elevate the ignorant and the outcast, to preach a spiritual salvation to nations in darkness, to lift the poor from the dust, to bid the captive go free? The gospel in its principles and character, its revelations and hopes, is truly gold. And the history, the lives, and labors of those whom it has governed, commissioned, and employed, and by whom it has blessed and saved the world, are the "wrought gold," the efficiency of a love which has cheerfully, patiently, perseveringly labored with practical skill and fidelity, to enrich

the poor with its blessings, to encourage the weary with its promises, and to uphold the dying with its transcendant hopes.

When all these fruits of the spiritual mind come forth in the practical character, and the heart is stretched forth in the hand, and love speaks in the tongue, and tender, unwearied sympathy acts in the life, and unspotted holiness dignifies and adorns the example, and gentle, patient consideration adds beauty and grace to redouble the worth of every gift in itself, how beautiful appears the garment which this gospel gives, and which the real disciple and minister of its truth and power wears among men. "He that is of the contrary part is ashamed, having no evil thing to say." And both the free and the constrained confession of earth combine to say, "There is none like Jesus, and there are none like those who serve him."

Those of you who have known this faithful woman, will anticipate my just application of this illustration to her honored career, "Her clothing is of wrought gold." How beautifully the wise man of Israel says of such a one, and how justly may we apply it to her long and faithful course of usefulness! "Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue was the law of kindness. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gate. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

And surely we offend not against the word or will of God, when we express ourselves freely, affectionately, in her commendation.

But there is yet another step to be taken in this consideration. "It is a light thing to be judged of man, or of man's judgment. He that judgeth us is the Lord." We are what we are to him. We are to him what we are in Christ. Ralph Erskine quaintly but truly sings:

"Kind Jesus spent his life to spin
My robe of perfect righteousness,
But by his Spirit's work within,
He forms my gracious, holy dress.
He justifying by his merit,
Imputes to me his righteousness,
But sanctifying by his Spirit,
Infuses in me saving grace.
Imputed grace entitles me,
Unto eternal happiness.
Imparted grace will qualify,
The heavenly kingdom to possess,
That in his righteousness I trust
My holiness will show,
Though graces cannot make me just,
They show me to be so."

Nothing can stand for us, as the foundation of our acceptance with God, but the perfect, personal obedience of a divine and infinite Saviour, who hath fulfilled all righteousness, and is alone able to save unto the uttermost, all who come unto him. When we stand there,

"Not the labors of our hands,
Can fulfil his law's commands;
These for sin could not atone,
He must save, and he alone."

"The clothing of wrought gold" is, therefore, in its highest sense of application, the work of Jesus. "We count all but loss, that we may win him and be found in him." The utmost which we can do can only be a testimony of our love for Christ, and our real union by his own Spirit with him. But there it is acknowledged and accepted, and then will stand at last before the throne of God, "having nothing and yet possessing all things." "The feeblest of our sincere efforts in his service and for his glory, are graciously accepted and rewarded for his sake, in whom alone we trust, and not "a cup of cold water" forgotten, which we have really given to suffering humanity in his name and for his glory.

There our beloved friend rests; at home at last, her warfare completed, herself accepted in her beloved Lord. "The King's daughter, all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King, in raiment of needlework. Her companions that follow her shall be brought; with gladness and rejoicing shall they enter into the King's palace."

I do not feel that I have been guilty of any extravagance in this commemorative view of this beloved and faithful woman; and I shall close it with a quotation from the expressions of those who have labored with her most constantly, known her most intimately, and were most qualified to judge truly of her history, her character, and her life—in all of whose testimonies, to the utmost extent of my observation, I cordially agree. They unite to say:

"We thank God with full hearts that he chose and ordained her whose loss we mourn, to bring forth so much and such precious fruit to his glory; that he gave her as a friend to the poor, a guide to the perplexed, a patient, effective, untiring worker to the Saviour's cause, and a friend and example to us who have been most intimately connected with her. We praise him that in years long ago, he led her to put her hand to the work of saving the young and tempted, to visit the lanes and alleys and prisons of our city, to win many an exposed and hunted soul back from the ways of sin into paths of virtue and piety, and to unite with others in forming this Society, and in projecting this, the first Home for the Friendless ever established in our land; that when, through arduous and self-denying labors, in season and out of season, disease was contracted, and she was consigned for life to the chair and couch of pain, while her body was racked with anguish, her intellect remained clear, her courage unshrinking, her trust in God firm, and her mental energies unabated to the last; that, through all these twenty-two years of intense physical suffering, she has continued unfaltering in her devotion to the cause of the homeless and distressed, a counsellor with her associates in every circumstance and perplexity, and an example of patience, gentleness, of love and faith. The wondrous grace which created in Christ Jesus such a model of worth and fidelity, we can but exalt. God's light has shined most beautifully through this suffering life. In the fire

she has glorified her Saviour, and our hearts are penetrated with a sense of the great blessing God has conferred upon us in one, the lustre and memory of whose name we can never lose. Nothing but divine power could have wrought so glorious a work in a human soul, have so triumphed over the infirmities of a tortured body, could so have perfected on earth the image of the heavenly; and we glorify and praise that power. Only an indwelling Christ could have made possible such a sweet and unwavering testimony as she has ever borne to him."

What is the true influence which the remembrance of such a character and life should be expected and be directed to produce? There was nothing in it beyond the imitation and attainment of every truly faithful "daughter of the King." Its power was in the reality of its acceptance of a Saviour's love, and its experience of the aid and comfort of the Spirit of God. She lived so usefully, and so happily and effectively, even in the midst of excessive trial and suffering, because she lived in the constant fellowship of the Redeemer, whom she loved. Her talents, her plans, her influence, her example, she gave to the most simple and practical of all efforts for usefulness in his cause. Her ministry was for the homeless, the friendless, the forsaken. To keep them in the ways of virtue and truth, to restore and elevate them to the ability of self-support and usefulness to others, to relieve the pressure of actual want, and to awaken the desire and impulse for permanent improvement, for the

life present and to come—these were the simple ends for which she so faithfully and successfully labored in the service of her beneficent and loving Lord. What woman is there, in the church of God, who cannot intelligently follow a course so clearly marked and so plainly efficient? What mission is there for woman in the great field of human restoration, so manifestly her own, and so indubitably the cause of the Lord whom she desires to serve? Who is there here that in an equal self-dedication will catch the mantle of this blessed, ascended "daughter of the King," and go, from this hour, consecrated in an equal, living devotion to Jesus, and in a similar outpouring of her life, for the full, practical salvation of sisters, in youth and age, whom Jesus loves, and for whom Jesus was content to die?

LINES SUGGESTED BY A FINE PORTRAIT OF MRS. HAWKINS, HER LAST GIFT TO THE HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

FRIEND down the years—loved "daughter of the King,"
Made by his grace all glorious within—
Thy clothing of "wrought gold," supremely fair;
Image of life when life was in its spring,
And sweetly consecrate to doing good.

Our eyes meet thine—fond memory brings thee back;
We seem to see thee as thou wert of yore,
In prime of life, so loving, gentle, kind,
Quick to discern the right, and lead the way;
We seem to hear thy heart-breathed earnest words,
Till all the listening, silent soul is stirred.

Out from those glorious mansions of the blest,
Fraught with the wisdom gained before the throne,
Thy tender counsels come to us anew;
We seem to hear thee speak as oft before—
"Sisters in Christ," do *well* his own blest work;
Search out the poor, befriend the friendless youth,
Visit the widow and the fatherless;
When clouds loom dark, and earthly props are gone,
Give succor in the hour of deep distress;
Reclaim the erring by long-suffering love.
Leave none, whose needs this charity may reach,
Cause to exclaim, "none careth for my soul!"
Bear ye, and *do*, then cast your cares on Him
Whose changeless promise is as solid rock,
"Lo, I am with you, even to the end."

Gather the lambs, and shield them from the storm;
"He took them in his arms," do ye the same,
These little ones for whom he deigned to die!
Each with a soul to live when stars grow dim!
However poor or helpless they may seem,
Protect and guard, and bring them to his fold;
And when all earthly things shall be dissolved,
Then shall ye hear our Lord's own gracious words,
'Enter ye now the home of the redeemed."
These rescued ones portend no "starless crowns"—
"As ye have done unto the least of these,
So have ye done to *me*, the King of kings."

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES.

WROUGHT GOLD; A model Life for Christian Workers. This book is a sketch of the life and labors of Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, in behalf of the poor and friendless, chiefly in connection with the Society named in the imprint.

It will lead the reader into strange scenes, but his contemplation of wretchedness may do him good, and lead him to seek to do good to others. It will also open to his mind the workings of the *Guardian Society*, and the results which it has been enabled to reach, a better understanding of which will be profitable to all parties. We trust the book may be largely called for, and thoroughly read by all into whose hands it may come. CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

WROUGHT GOLD. This volume is a memorial of the late Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, who was one of the founders of the Female Guardian Society, in 1834. In connection with this Society, and other kindred work, the life of Mrs. Hawkins, up to its close, presents an illustrious example of self-consecration. She gave all she had to her Lord and Saviour, and he, in turn, gave her the blessings of his love and presence, and honored her by a degree of influence and usefulness seldom attained by a Christian worker.

We commend this book to our readers, that they may the better understand the origin, struggles, progress, and success of that most excellent institution—the Female Guardian Society—and other societies associated with it. The work is well prepared, and its pages are enlivened by many facts and incidents of peculiar and touching interest. PARISH VISITOR.

IN this volume we have an affectionate memorial of Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, who was for more than forty years an active, patient, and successful worker among the poor, degraded, and friendless classes in this city. It is full of encouragement for the noble and honorable women who are everywhere carrying the life of practical Christianity into the homes and hearts of the needy. Letters from Drs. Cuyler, Budington, and others, are given in testimony of the fruitful work of Mrs. Hawkins, and the sermon on her career, preached by the venerable Dr. Tyng, enriches the volume. A good likeness fronts the title-page. THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

THE volume before us is a record of her unshrinking devotion to duty, and of her unsparing and most successful efforts for the physical, social, mental, and spiritual elevation of her sex; and the example which it sets forth is one that will strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of all who are engaged in a like labor of love. The story of the life and labors and death of this godly woman is a very salutary one, and besides that it is exceedingly inter-

esting. In addition to the author's own outline of this really beautiful life, there are several letters which have special value. The proceeds of the volume are to be appropriated for the benefit of the American Female Guardian Society, with which Mrs. HAWKINS was so long and honorably connected. CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

WROUGHT GOLD is the title of a little volume commemorating the life and labors of Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, known so long and well as one of the founders and chief supports of the Female Guardian Society in New York, and one of the most efficient workers in all benevolent enterprises. The volume, by Mrs. S. R. I. Bennett, is a worthy tribute to a most lovely character, and will be read with interest by all who have the good of their fellow-men at heart.

BAPTIST WEEKLY.

WROUGHT GOLD, the story of the career and experience of Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, a woman of remarkable traits, made perfect by sufferings of an extraordinary character. Mrs. Hawkins was for more than twenty years a sufferer from the worst type of inflammatory rheumatism, complicated with other maladies. In this volume there is not only a great deal of interesting narrative, but an appeal of the strongest kind to the higher and better instincts of our nature, illustrated by the bright and shining example of a devoted and heroic life. CONGREGATIONALIST.

THIS sketch of the life of Mrs. M. A. Hawkins, makes a work of more than ordinary value. Being one of the leaders in taking the initiatory steps of moral and benevolent reforms in New York city, which have ripened into the various Christian charities—the Homes, the Industrial Schools, the Orphan Houses, the Juvenile Asylums, etc., and being an associate projector of the "Home for the Friendless," the first of its kind instituted, and its acting President for more than thirty years, the record shows how much can be accomplished by one life, when consecrated to high and noble purposes. And it shows too how vain and worse than wasted are the lives of those who live merely for self and selfish pleasure.

Hers was truly a model life. Not that every one can fill, or is called to such a sphere as hers. Not that she was specially great or gifted. But, improving the gifts she had, seeking by every means in her power to cheer, and enliven, and care for—first, the parental home, and then her own, to the very last, she gave all her reserve time, thought, energy, to the service of Jesus, to the bettering and happifying of her fellow-creatures. No wonder that the summing-up of such a life should be estimated as "Wrought Gold." MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

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